

The CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

AND CHILDREN'S PICTORIAL

The Story of the World Today for the Men and Women of Tomorrow

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EDITED BY ARTHUR MEE

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NEW CHANCE FOR OUR COALFIELDS

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AUSTRALIA BIGGER AND BIGGER

AN ANTARCTIC EMPIRE

**Taking Over Control of a Third
of the Great South Land**

LEVIATHAN IN DANGER OF HIS LIFE

While the Dean of Canterbury has been raising the question of the Empty Continent (a question the C.N. has raised so many times) Australia has added to the responsibility of its Government a new area which is about half as big as itself.

In May of this year the Commonwealth Government passed a Bill by which it took up authority over a third of the great Antarctic continent of five million square miles.

Officially Australia took over control of that area lying south of 60 degrees south latitude and between 160 degrees east longitude and 45 degrees east longitude.

Increase of Whaling

This includes the areas named Queen Maud Land, Enderby Land, Kemp Land, MacRobertson Land, Lars Christensen Land, Princess Elizabeth Land, Queen Mary Land, Knox Land, Banzare Land, Wilkes Land, Oates Land, and King George the Fifth Land; but it does not include Adele Land, which is French.

Australia will legislate now not so much for people who frequent this vast south land, for it has no permanent population, but for the whales which once swam in their thousands in Antarctic waters but are now diminishing under the persistent onslaught of whaling vessels.

So great has been the whaling traffic in recent years that it is surprising any whales are left at all. Between 1919 and 1931 more than 265,000 whales were captured in the Antarctic; and in 1931 over 40 floating factories, 10 transport vessels, and 232 whale catchers sailed South for the chase.

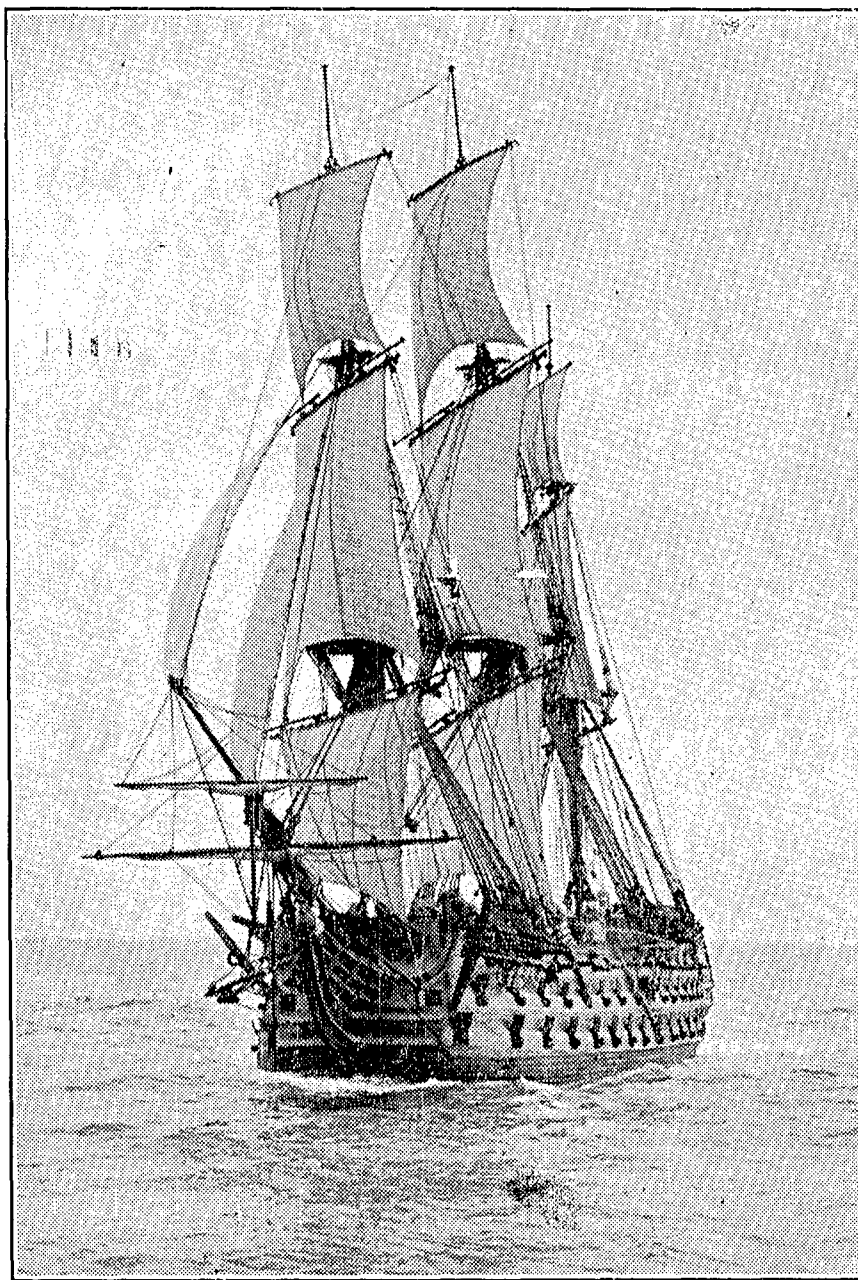
Terrible Slaughter

Thirty-three companies were interested in this venture. The great majority came from Europe. So terrible was the slaughter that at the end of the season an unofficial truce was observed, and only three factory ships remained South; but the number was increased last September when a fleet of no fewer than 129 ships and 17 factory ships (or mother ships) went South again.

In the meanwhile an International Convention was called to regulate whaling. It was agreed that certain species of whales were not to be killed; a licence was required for all whaling vessels; and the total yield of oil was limited to two million barrels a year.

The convention was signed by the majority of countries interested in whaling, and as soon as the required ratifications have been deposited with

Little Victory Goes To Sea



Visitors to Portsmouth for Navy Week will be able to see two Victories: Nelson's famous old flagship, which lies safely in dry dock in the harbour, and a quarter-scale model. This little Victory has visited many South Coast towns recently. See page 8.

the League the regulations will come into operation. It will then be part of Australia's new duties to see that the regulations are carried out.

In a recent year 10,000 whales yielded £3,156,860 in products. While the average produce of each whale is worth £300 there is a very rare whale which carries about in its mouth no less than a ton of whalebone, and this alone is valued at £2000. It is not surprising then that whaling companies should employ scientists to undertake research in the Antarctic, to find out the waters the whales inhabit, the food they eat, the age at which they die.

Scientists have found that whales rarely live for more than twenty years, so that it is well that Moby Dick, Hermann Melville's great white whale, lived in the days before science came to trouble his honourable old age.

Australia does not look upon her new possession solely as a hunting-ground for whales. There are known to be rich seams of coal in the Antarctic, and some day these may be worked. Some believe that the land is another Alaska, rich in gold; and if that is so there is no doubt that men will cheerfully go South to seek their fortune.

Scientists believe that in the years to come a great meteorological station may be established in the Antarctic. There are others who say that magnificent winter sports grounds will be established there.

These beliefs may all be dreams; at present Australia is concerned with governing the whales that swim in her waters, and there is little of the dream world about this unless it be the whale's dreams of happy, far-off days when he will be allowed to swim in peace.

A FINE OLD AFRICAN GENTLEMAN

DR DANDESON CROWTHER

**Our 88-Year-Old Visitor Who
Must Hurry Back To Work**

500 CHURCHES

A correspondent of the Children's Newspaper called on a very old black gentleman in London a few days ago.

He was 88, and had travelled to London to have an operation on his eyes, and his one thought while he was here was as to the date of the next boat back to Nigeria, where he wanted to get on with his work. Although he was born in 1844 he has no thought of resting yet.

The old African's name is Dandeson Crowther, and he is Archdeacon of the Niger Delta. No one has more truly merited his title of Venerable. His entire life has been given to preaching and teaching Christianity to his fellow Africans in Nigeria. He has seen a wonderful change come over West Africa, which he says is now the happiest part of that great continent.

The First African Bishop

He is the son of Samuel Adjai Crowther, the first African to be made a bishop. His father, who belonged to the Yoruba tribe, was captured in a slave raid in 1821, and sold to a Portuguese slave-trader. He and his companions were liberated by H.M.S. Myrmidon and taken to Freetown, Sierra Leone.

At a missionary school to which he was sent Samuel Crowther met a little girl named Asano, who had also been captured from her native village and rescued. Later they married, and the present archdeacon is their son.

Dr Crowther, who received his D.D. degree from Dr Davidson when he was Archbishop of Canterbury, was educated at Islington, and sixty years ago was acting as chaplain to his father on his hazardous missionary journeys up and down the Niger River.

A Surprising Reception

On one occasion they were both captured and held as hostages. On another young Crowther was sent by his father to a fierce tribe suspected of cannibalism. "No one expected to see me come back from Okrika alive," the archdeacon told the C.N., "but much to the surprise of myself and my companion we were warmly welcomed and asked to speak and preach to the people almost day and night without stopping for four days."

The change that has come over this savage tribe is shown by the fact that a year or two ago they raised £14,000 for a Christian church in their town.

Dr Crowther has lived for ten years at Port Harcourt, and is responsible for a district containing nearly 500 self-supporting churches.

FORERUNNERS OF AN ARMY

THE FIRST INSPECTORS OF SCHOOLS

How Education Was Run in the Very Early Days

100 YEARS OF PROGRESS

A hundred years ago four men left Westminster to go to their posts in the four quarters of our country for a cause which has proved of immense value to workers in factories.

We are proud to remember today the names of these pioneers: Horner, Howell, Rickards, and Saunders, and especially that of Leonard Horner, the mineralogist friend of Lord Brougham and one of the founders of the Academy of Edinburgh, who softened many an employer's stony heart.

A Crusade

For Horner and his companions were the first four inspectors under the Factory Act of 1833, and each had in his pocket an authority signed by the King himself. Their task was in the nature of a Crusade, as they had to enforce the new Act for the Regulation of the Labour of Children in Factories, an Act unpopular among employers who sought to make as much money as possible from the mechanical power which was rapidly replacing man's strength, and who were callous to the strain of long hours placed on children.

Compared with the many duties performed by Inspectors of Factories today the field of labour was in 1833 a narrow one, there being only 3000 factories for inspection; but their task was by no means easy, as the Act defined that no child under nine could be employed in a factory and that all between nine and thirteen must attend school. The registration of births was not yet compulsory and State schools were nearly 40 years ahead; but it is an interesting fact that in 1833 the State first recognised its duty to education by making grants to certain schools.

Teacher Who Could Not Write

So the inspectors had to procure the establishment of schools for the new half-timers and to inspect those existing. Some were dame schools, and so inefficient were some of their teachers that one proved that she could not have given a false certificate to a prosecuting Inspector by evidence that she could not write! Here are two other certificates of this period:

The above-named children has been twelve hours in this school after the manner of scollers in the past week.

this is to certify that 1838 thomas Cordinly as atend martha insip school two hours per day January 6.

As an example of the scarcity of schools the Inspectors reported that in a district with a population of 55,000 there was only one school, a Roman Catholic one.

Schools in Factories

Schools were installed in the factories themselves to comply with the Act, and as late as 1857 one such school was held in a cellar 33 feet by 15 feet, and 60 children were crowded into it. A stoke-hole was used as another, the stoker teaching the half-timers to read!

It was the early reports of the inspectors on the Education clauses of the Act which demonstrated the inadequacy of the supply of teachers, though the manners of those children who had attended school had been improved.

An amending Act of 1844 gave Factory Inspectors power to cancel the certificates of incompetent teachers, so that they may be called our first Inspectors of Schools. They made grants to schools out of the fines they imposed for infringing the Factory Act and some of these grants were allocated to school lending libraries.

The Act of a hundred years ago applied only to certain industries and

JULES VERNE'S NOUGHT CROSSED OUT

8 DAYS INSTEAD OF 80 ROUND THE WORLD

How Fact Has Easily Beaten the Writer's Imagination

NEW FLYING RECORDS

Events have just taken place which will make two new facts in any history of flying.

Mr Wiley Post, an American of Red Indian descent, has flown round the world in less than eight days; and Mr and Mrs Mollison have made the first non-stop flight from Britain to the United States.

Our grandparents were thrilled by Jules Verne's story Round the World in Eighty Days; now the aeroplane does it in less than eight. The flying-men have crossed Jules Verne's nought out.

Triumph For Man and Machine

Mr Post's way was considerably shorter than a journey round the equator, 25,000 miles, yet it was a remarkable performance.

He flew from New York to Berlin without a stop, then on to Moscow and across the wilds of Siberia in long stages to Khabarovsk. After that he had a long crossing of the Bering Sea to Nome in Alaska, then to Edmonton in Alberta, and across the American continent to New York. Mr Post completed the journey of 16,500 miles in 7 days, 18 hours, and 50 minutes.

It was a wonderful triumph for man and machine. During the whole journey Mr Post had an average of five hours sleep a day. He was greatly helped by a robot pilot, which needed overhauling at the end of the journey. It was tired, like its master, said Mr Post.

Using the same plane (Winnie Mae), Mr Post made a similar round-the-world trip with a companion in 1931. He has now beaten the time for that journey by more than 21 hours.

The Mollison Flight

The Mollisons flight was perhaps less spectacular, but it was a great performance. They were flying in the opposite direction, and so, instead of receiving help from following winds, had to fight against them all the way. Unfortunately their flight ended with a crash, as their first attempt had begun at Croydon some weeks earlier.

On this occasion their flight began at Pendine Sands in Carmarthenshire and ended at Bridgeport in Connecticut, where they came to grief in landing, after flying 3260 miles. Their machine was badly damaged and both Mr and Mrs Mollison received injuries, so they were unable to make their return flight, in which they had hoped to reach Bagdad.

Mr and Mrs Mollison are the first husband and wife to fly the Atlantic and Mr Mollison is the only man to make the East-to-West crossing twice.

Continued from the previous column

to children; women and men have been included in the range of Acts which have succeeded it, and one of the sad things about their progress through Parliament is that the opposition to any amelioration of hard conditions has been strenuous up to quite recent years. But the Government has had behind it the advice and the support of an army of inspectors who have followed in the footsteps of Mr Horner and his three friends. We are glad to say that most employers are converts to the advantages of State Inspection today.

The story of the 100 years is a thrilling one, and any of our readers who wishes to learn more about it should buy this year's Report by the Chief Inspector, in which Mr Duncan Wilson and some of his experts tell the story of the past, the present, and what they hope will be the future. The Report costs 2s, and is well worth that sum.

THE EVEREST AXE

Lost and Found After Nine Years

MALLORY OR SOMERVILLE?

A claimant has come forward for the ice-axe found on unconquered Everest by the party now forced to abandon this year's attempt to climb the mountain.

The story of its finding at the height of 27,000 feet has already been told in the C.N., together with the belief then held that it might possibly have belonged to Mr Mallory, who with his companion Mr Irvine passed for ever out of sight and life in 1924.

The ice-axe bore the name of a Swiss maker. Mallory had been in Switzerland just before coming out on the climbing expedition. What could be more likely than that it had belonged to him?

A Dramatic Possibility

There was a far more dramatic possibility. It hardly seemed likely that he would have discarded it on his way up. Could it have dropped from his hand when, after all sight of him and his companion had been lost, they were attempting a descent after nightfall?

This speculation has not found a great deal of favour among the members of this year's expedition. A letter from Dr T. Howard Somerville, who was a fellow member with Mallory and Irvine of the 1924 Everest Expedition, seems to dispose of it.

He writes on his return from a recent climbing holiday in Kashmir that he believes the mysterious ice-axe belonged to him.

When he and Colonel Newton had reached the height of about 28,000 feet in 1924, he had to sit and rest with a frost-bitten throat. Colonel Newton was shortly afterwards threatened with snow-blindness, and the two precipitately started down again, roped together, for fear of accidents.

What Dr Somerville Says

Soon afterwards, owing to the cold, the rope, and the physical and mental difficulty of the situation, Dr Somerville dropped his axe, a thing he had never done before. It went bounding away, and owing to the shape of the mountain-side the two could not see where it went.

At any rate they were not anxious to waste time in searching for it, and it was possible to do without it.

They reached the camp at 27,000 feet, and borrowed an alpenstock for the rest of their descent to a lower level.

For these reasons Dr Somerville believes that the axe found many years afterwards was his. If it was found about 200 feet below the ridge of 27,500 feet it should almost certainly be. But as a careful and scientific observer he rightly says that the mystery cannot be entirely cleared up till we learn exactly where the axe was found.

It might possibly still be Mr Mallory's axe, though, on the present showing the claims of Dr Somerville are superior. But it is, taken any way, a thrilling footnote to the perils these climbers run.

A WORKSHOP MIRACLE

A young file-hardener of Sheffield who slipped while at his work recently had to make the unpleasant choice of either falling into a large pot of molten metal behind him or grabbing the live electric cable which was in front of him.

Peter Burnand seized the wire, not knowing it was alive, and by doing so saved his life.

For a few moments he hung unconscious from it, the charge of 200 volts locking his hand round the wire; but the engineer soon switched off the current, his comrades caught him as he fell, and when a nurse had administered oxygen Peter seems to have felt little the worse for his alarming experience.

A TRUE LITTLE BIT OF LONDON

Our Town Girl and the Baby

A KIDNAP IN EDGWARE ROAD

There was nothing very special about this shop in the Edgware Road, but there was about a baby who had been left by his mother in a pram by the door while she made her purchases.

Our Town Girl almost forgot, in fact, that she also had come to buy something, for she was held spellbound by a pair of the bluest, roundest eyes ever possessed by a human baby, and she stooped over the pram.

A spluttering laugh, and some feet kicking for joy, greeted her, and for five minutes these two new friends entered into the loveliest conversation in the world.

Then the mother appeared.

"It's a good thing you came when you did," our Town Girl remarked; "I was just about to kidnap your baby."

With a proud smile the mother wheeled her treasure down the Edgware Road, and out of the stranger's life.

A Strange Poster

But later that same evening the paper boys in that very part of London were running about with a strange poster. Our Town Girl could hardly believe her eyes. This is what she read:

BABY KIDNAPPED IN EDGWARE ROAD

How she wondered if that mother saw it too! But it is almost certain that she did, and that she hugged her baby a little closer as she remarked to her neighbour: "Well, I had a narrow escape today. I must have been speaking to the very woman."

Or had it happened that Blue Eyes himself had this time been too much for someone in the next shop his mother went into?

We do not know, but if this catches the mother's eye we hope it will clear our Town Girl's good name, and assure the mother that from her at least she had no hurt to fear.

AN IRON NERVE

Great Fortitude of a Farmer

A rare instance of iron nerve and fortitude is reported from the town of Stainz in Austria.

Its hero, a farmer of the neighbourhood named Franz Klug, was carting wood when the heavy cart upset, pinning his left hand under the wheel.

There was no one who could have helped the man out of his predicament, so he had to do the best he could himself. With a terrific effort he succeeded in freeing his thumb and three of his fingers; but his little finger remained under the wheel and, do what he would, he could not get it out.

Giving up as a bad job all further exertion, he got out his pocket-knife and, with a few clean, sharp cuts, severed the finger from the joint as neatly as a surgeon might have done, after which he walked to Stainz and got the first hospital doctor he met to bandage his maimed and bleeding hand.

THINGS SAID

The armament industry is the only Great Power war pays. Storm Jameson

We should not stress the horrors of war so much as its futility.

Headmaster of Rugby

The best advertising medium I know is a woman's tongue.

Chairman of Barker's

Soviet Russia has emerged at the World Economic Conference as the most active stabilising force on the political scene.

Mr Bruce Hopper

THREE TOWERS IN CHICAGO • OAT HARVEST • BIG BEN UNDER REPAIR



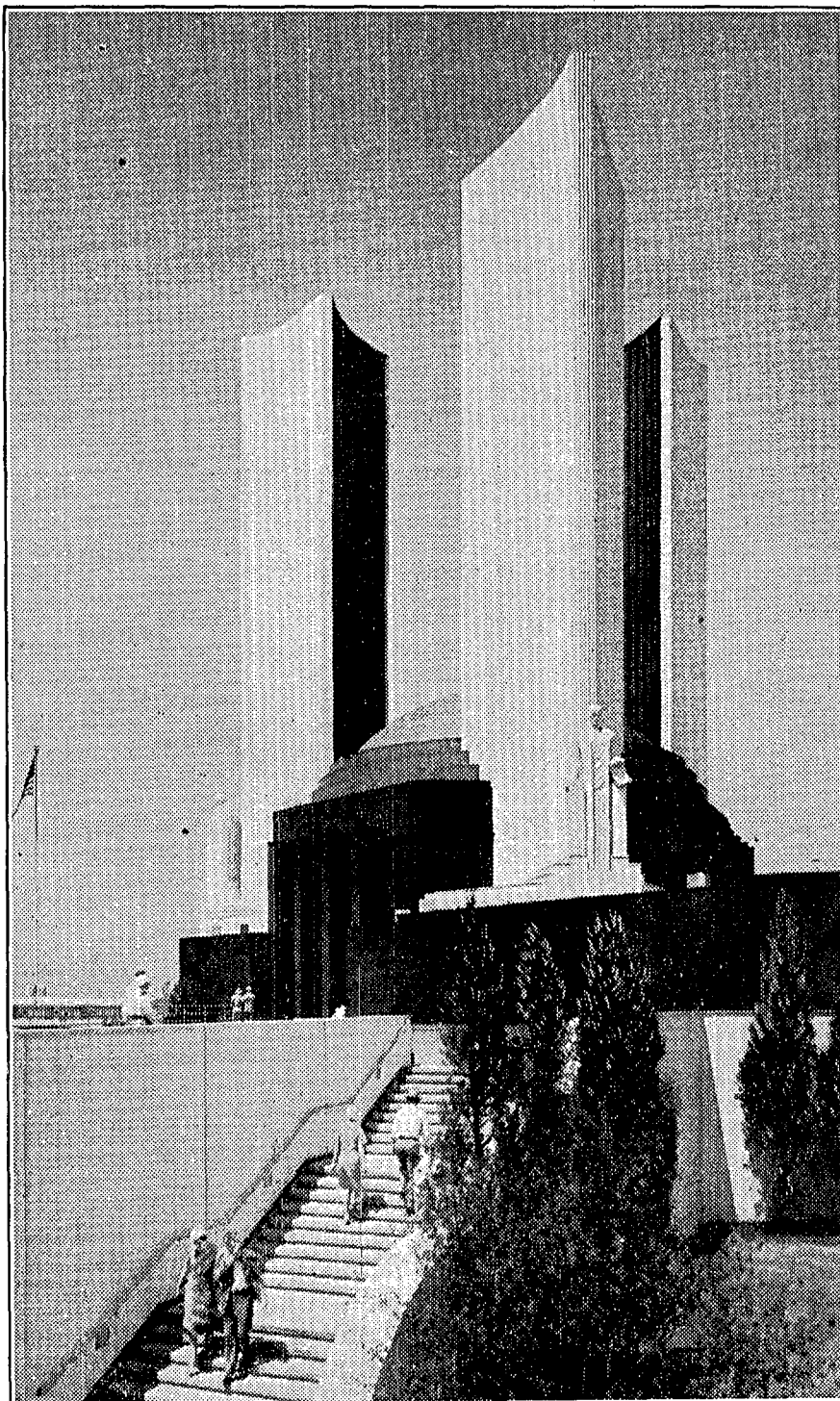
The Oat Harvest—Harvest scenes are by no means general in England yet, but in many places the oats have been gathered in. Here is an odd little team at work in a field near Gloucester.



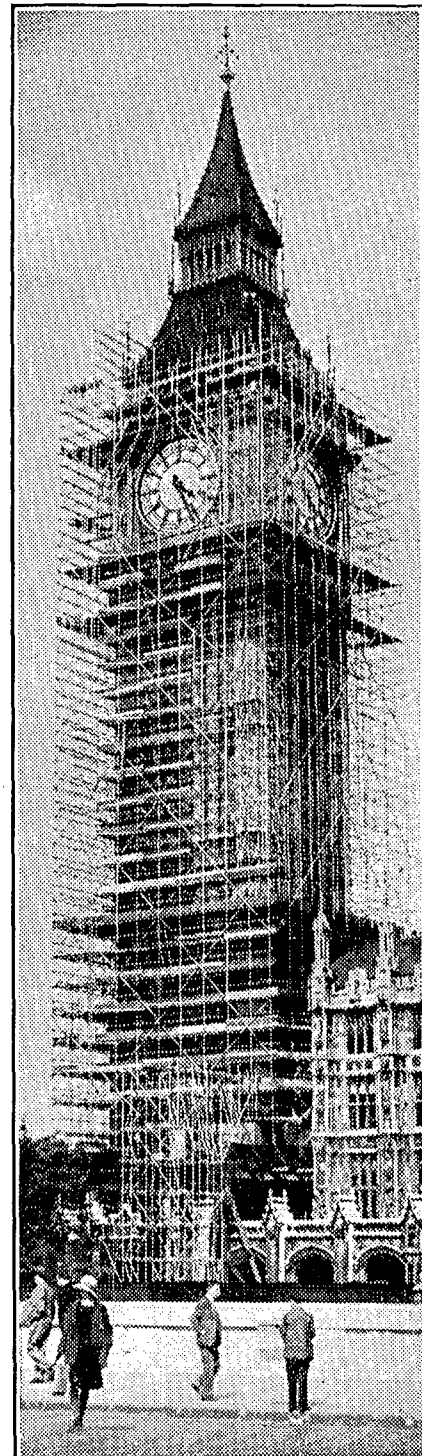
A Looker On—A little visitor to Shanklin finds a good vantage point from which to watch her elders bathing.



Choice Blooms—Here is a delightful picture of sweet peas being gathered for market at a nursery at Ashington in Sussex.



Modern Architecture at Chicago—Perhaps the most imposing structure at the great Chicago Exhibition is the Federal Building, the dome and towers of which are seen in this picture. Stretching out from the rotunda are two wings containing the halls of the individual States.



Big Ben Under Repair—Big Ben's tower at the Houses of Parliament has an unfamiliar appearance encased in steel scaffolding.

QUICKENING-UP MOTHER NATURE THE OIL FROM COAL IDEA Coming Transmutation of Our Stricken Coalfields HYDROGEN ATOMS AT WORK

England is about to make a great effort to turn her coal into gold. She is going to do in a few seconds what Nature does in a few millions of years.

The first step in the transmutation must be to convert the coal into oil, the most important fuel civilisation has ever known. Coal is minted sunlight. Oil puts the minted coinage into circulation.

To put these metaphors into plain language, what our country most needs at this stage of the new industrial revolution of the twentieth century is a cheap way of converting the produce of her coalfields into the more easily-handled petrol fuel. This can be done now, but the cost of the conversion is too high to allow the artificial coal-petrol to compete with the oil poured into the country from natural sources in the United States, in Persia, Russia, Rumania, Irak, and elsewhere where there are oilfields.

Guaranteed Preference

So pressing is the need that the Government has consented to give assistance to the new plant to be erected by Imperial Chemical Industries at Billingham-on-Tees for extracting petrol from coal. The help will take the form of guaranteeing a preference of at least fourpence a gallon on this British-produced petrol.

Further details of the bargain are that if the import duty on petrol coming into this country continues at its present value of eightpence a gallon there will be a preference on the home-produced product of eightpence a gallon for 4½ years from April 1, 1935. If the import duty should be reduced to fourpence a gallon the home produce will enjoy a preference of fourpence a gallon for nine years.

Reducing the Cost

Thus the new British plant for getting out the oil from coal as a paying commercial product will have from five to ten years in which to find its feet.

At present Imperial Chemical Industries, having spent £1,000,000 on experimental plant, declare that they have got down the cost of producing petrol from coal to only threepence a gallon more than the natural oil. If they can knock off this threepence British coal-petrol will be a paying market product.

They hope and believe that by spending another £2,000,000 or less on the necessary plant they will be able to do this; and they are taking steps to give effect to their hope and belief by giving orders at once for steel structures for it to the value of £1,000,000.

Work For Thousands

The erection of the plant and the production of the steel will in themselves give employment to thousands of men.

The plant will be on a scale large enough to treat 500 tons of coal a day by the process of conversion. Another 500 tons will be required daily for working the process, so that more than 300,000 tons of coal will be used up in the year, an amount giving in itself a considerable lift to coal-mining.

This process, which is giving rise to so many hopes, is known scientifically as hydrogenation.

Nature herself hydrogenates vegetation, such as the trees of forests or seaweed, by the action of sunlight over millions of years. In this way she adds an atom of hydrogen to atoms of carbon, and turns the whole into hydro-carbons that will burn.

Many years ago a way was discovered in the chemist's laboratory of combining the hydrogen and carbon atoms in a few seconds. The process was first commercially utilised for converting oils

BERMONDSEY SHOWS THE WAY NEW HOMES FOR 10,000 PEOPLE

One More Slum To Come Tumbling Down

WORK FOR 350 MEN

Bermondsey has been showing the way to some of her richer neighbours in the housing of her inhabitants and in the clearance of her slums.

Her Borough Council was half-way through its own Five Years Plan when the recent circular reached it from the Ministry of Health calling on it to submit a scheme for five years, so that a reply was easy for the Housing Officer. With seven and a half years instead of five in which to accomplish it he hopes to house 10,000 people at a cost of a little over one million pounds, with direct employment of 350 men.

Over 1000 buildings are to be demolished and their places taken by 1500 new dwellings. In ordinary circumstances this would be difficult, as Bermondsey is entirely built over and, by a rule which strikes us as absurd, the Council is not allowed to erect a building beyond its borders; but there happen to be some derelict factories, whose sites have been acquired, while three acres have been secured from the Port of London Authority.

If so poor a borough as Bermondsey can put an end to the waste and shame of its slums in this way there is no excuse for any other Borough in London or the Provinces failing to do likewise. We congratulate her on her enterprise and sound sense.

TRIMMING THE STAMP

At a sale of stamps in London there was offered a Western Australia four-penny "inverted," 1854.

Apparently there are only about twelve such stamps in existence, and in recent years the sale of any of these has brought in £680.

This particular example was strangely different from its fellows, however, for it brought in only £80, the reason being that its original owner, seeking to improve the beauty of the stamp, snipped off the unsightly rough edges with a pair of scissors.

We offer no excuses for such conduct. Till now we had believed that the youngest of stamp collectors knew better than this; but we live and learn.

Continued from the previous column

into fats, so that from fish oil cocoa butter was made, and soap from cotton-seed oil.

Some twenty years ago these facts drew attention to the possibility of coal-oil. If the coal carbon could have more hydrogen atoms attached to it it would become further hydrogenated, and the result would be oil.

To begin with the process is fairly simple. It consists of mixing coal with oil and blasting hydrogen through the mixture under tremendous pressure and at very high temperature. The pressure has to be considerably more than a ton to the square inch, the temperature more than 800 degrees Fahrenheit.

But this simplicity of working presents many hazards and difficulties. To reduce them other devices have to be employed. The chief are those of mixing powdered nickel, or iron-oxide, with the coal and iron, so as to speed up the chemical action.

Invention will not stop here. New catalysts (as the nickel and iron-oxide powders are called) will be needed; new methods will have to be found. It is also not unlikely that in other countries than ours scientific ingenuity will be set to work. But this Five Years Plan may prove of untold value to us all, and to the worth of our unsurpassed stores of workable coal.

PASSENGER PARCELS Orphan Boys Travel Alone

ALL THE WAY FROM COOK ISLANDS TO NEW ZEALAND

Two little orphan boys recently made a long voyage to the home of their grandmother, who lives in the town of Waihi, New Zealand.

They travelled by trading schooner, ocean liner, express train, and motor-car from the little island of Atui in the Cook Islands of the Pacific Ocean to their new home.

No one went with them, but many kind people took care of them during their long journey of thousands of miles by sea and land.

Alistair Campbell, aged seven, and his brother William, aged three, were not exactly posted from the Cook Islands to New Zealand, but in a manner they became passenger parcels consigned to their grandmother. To each child was attached a label bearing his name and the address of the grandmother. When their ather and mother died it was arranged that the little orphans should be sent to their grandmother.

Their First Train Ride

A trading schooner picked them up at Atui and brought them to the large port of Rarotonga, where they spent some time until the big liner Makura called at the port on her regular voyage from San Francisco to Wellington. A stewardess on the liner looked after them till Wellington was reached.

At Wellington the children were met by a friend, who handed them to the guard on the express train which runs 400 miles north toward their future home. The guard put them in the kindly care of the attendant on the ladies carriage.

Away went Alistair and William on their first train ride; and twelve hours later they found an uncle waiting at a big railway station to take them another fifty miles in his car to the town of Waihi.

A RACING TRAIN FOR THE U.S.A.

To Take 116 Passengers 100 Miles an Hour

The Union Pacific Railway of the U.S.A. has ordered an express train of three carriages weighing only 80 tons in all, no more than an ordinary Pullman sleeping-car.

The train is to be made of aluminium and stainless steel. It will be streamlined like a racing car, and at the stopping-places an automatic contrivance will open the doors and let down the steps. A speed of 100 miles an hour is expected, with a saving of 50 per cent horse-power.

The first of the three carriages will have the 600 horse-power motor and the baggage; the second will have seats for 60 passengers; the third will seat another 56 and have a kitchen-buffet to serve passengers in their seats.

Small but very fast trains of this kind would do much to save our railways from road competition.

100 TONS OF MUSSELS

When the steamer Waitomo went into dry dock at Auckland in June for over-haul, after having been laid up in the harbour for five years, the workmen scraped a hundred tons of mussels from her hull.

This amazing quantity of shellfish had become attached to the bottom of the ship during her five years of idleness.

The Waitomo was a cargo ship plying between the ports of New Zealand for many years, but she has been laid up for five years because trade was slack.

JOHN DORY TURNS BLUE

WHAT HAPPENS WHEN HE IS EXCITED

The Changing Colours of Fishes in the Sea

CHASING THE SHRIMP

Plymouth Aquarium is looking into the remarkable problem of why fishes change colour to match their surroundings.

The Aquarium has some fine specimens of the John Dory, and some of the most interesting experiments have been made with him. This fish is flattened from side to side and is so thin that when looked at from the front or from behind it seems to have hardly any width. On the greenish sides are streaks of faint blue. When the John Dory is excited and sees a prawn or a shrimp (its natural food) the blue becomes vivid, and shows in brilliant stripes along the body; we may say that as it chases its prey it actually turns blue with excitement, the whole body alert, the fins vibrating, and the huge mouth wide open.

How Flat Fishes Change

Many other fishes can change their colour in various ways for different purposes. This is specially evident when adapting themselves to their surroundings. Flat-fishes are particularly good examples of this, the colour scheme of their bodies, usually speckled and spotted, changing according to the nature of the ground on which they lie—mud, sand, or gravel. The flat-fish lies on its side with both eyes on the upper side, and it is this side only which is normally coloured, the under-side being colourless.

In the Aquarium interesting experiments are now going on showing turbot, brill, plaice, and flounder in low tanks with differently coloured bottoms which can be seen from above. One is dark slate, another is of pebbles with brown and red stones, and a third (this is perhaps the most natural background) is composed of small white, grey, and light brown pebbles.

Adaptation to Surroundings

Placed on these different floors the fishes soon adapt themselves so well to their surroundings that they are beautifully camouflaged and very difficult to see. A turbot is naturally speckled in white, grey and brown; a brill has a somewhat similar colouring with larger spots; a plaice has red spots on a brownish ground; and a flounder is rather like the plaice but usually without the red spots.

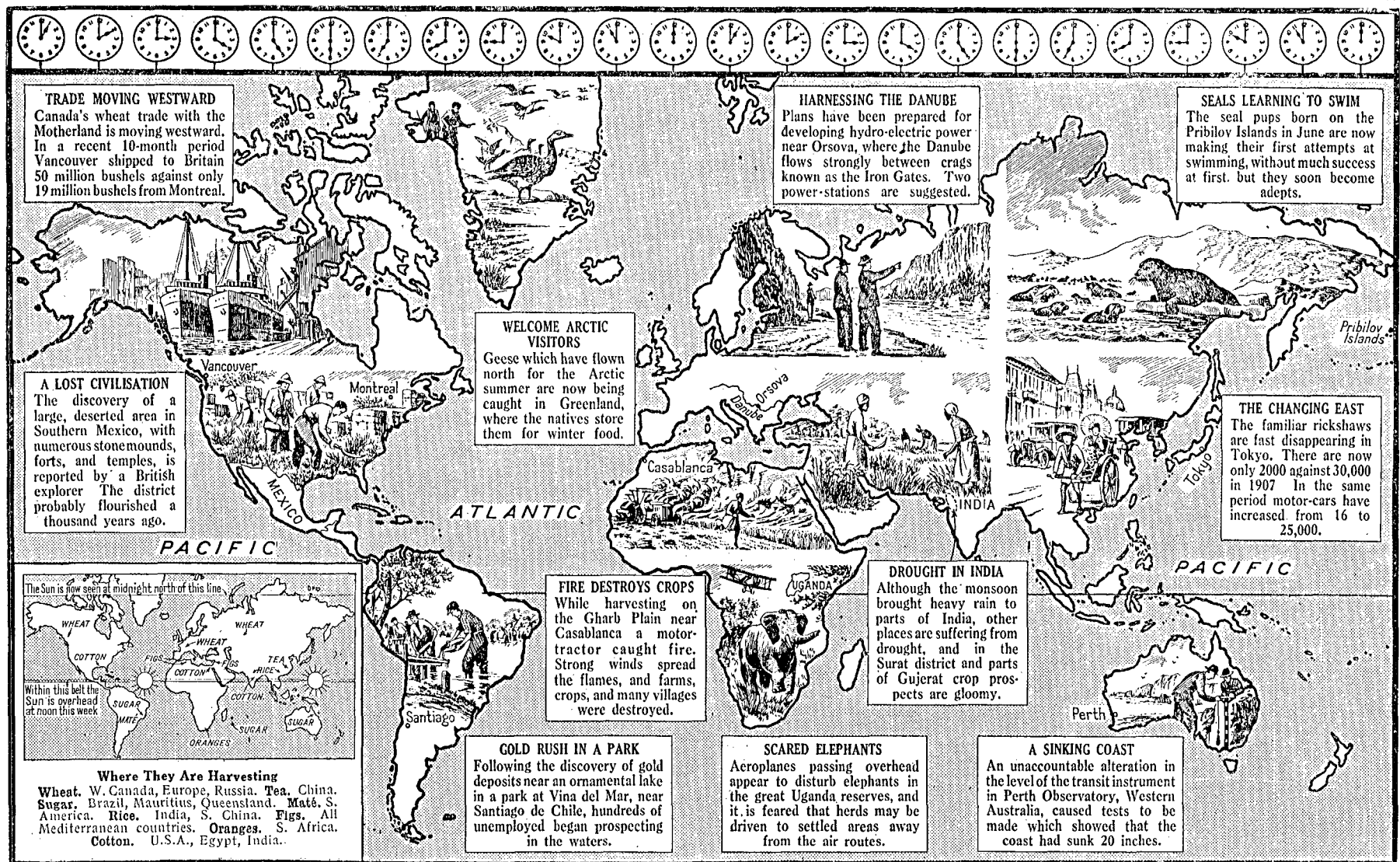
All these, if put on the pebbly bottoms, are soon so like them in colour that they are scarcely recognisable, the red spots of the plaice toning with the red pebbles, the greys and browns of all four fishes closely resembling those pebbles which are lighter coloured. On the dark slate they will all turn nearly black, the lighter spots being almost obliterated.

Pigment Cells in the Skin

This power of changing colour to match their surroundings is due to pigment cells in the skin which are controlled by nerves and depend on light. Different coloured light affects the nerves controlling the flow of pigment in different ways, and enables the colour to tone with the background. A fish must be able to see in order to change its colour. According to the amount of contraction in the pigment cells the colour is altered: if they are much contracted the colour is light, if much expanded it is dark, any intermediate stages being possible.

It takes only a short time for the fish to become like the pebbly bottoms, these being the most usual and natural. For their bodies to become dark or almost black to match the slate may take days or weeks. In time all the fishes tone well with the dark background, and it is quite difficult for an untrained eye to distinguish them.

PICTURE-NEWS AND TIME MAP SHOWING EVENTS ALL OVER THE WORLD



ISABELLA D'ESTE'S OLD HOME

Famous Italian Palace Restored

Visitors to Mantua will now be able to see the great Gonzaga Palace, the home of the famous Isabella d'Este.

It is almost as it was 400 years ago, when this famous beauty held sway over the most brilliant Court in Italy. This long-neglected palace has lately been restored, and Isabella's beloved "little study," the secret garden, which was unearthed several years ago when a 17th-century building was pulled down, the great hall, and some cabinets and rooms of unique artistic value are no longer hidden from visitors.

They have been brought back to their original condition, and are better lighted than they used to be, when too little daylight penetrated into the rooms. Without spoiling the harmony, electric lights have been introduced, showing up the beauty of the interior.

A LITTLE GIRL'S BIG JOURNEY

Seventeen good people in South Africa will be glad to hear that a certain little girl has got safely home.

This little girl's mother, who worked in a South African hospital, died, leaving the child absolutely alone. She had no kindred in South Africa. In England there was someone willing to give her love and a home, but this someone was a war widow, and could not afford the child's fare.

Then a Cape Town newspaper published the story of this ten-year-old girl separated from her only relative by six thousand miles. The paper asked 17 readers to subscribe a guinea each, and the money was soon found.

Now the orphan and her friend are together, thanks to 17 kind hearts.

HAPPY ENDING

Twin Sisters Meet Again

A delightful true story was told at the annual meeting of the National Children Adoption Association in London the other day.

Twin babies were brought to the society, and the society accepted one for adoption. Soon there came a rich lady who wanted a child's love and laughter in her life. She adopted the twin, and so it seemed as if the sisters were parted for ever, one to live in wealth, the other in poverty.

Nine years went by, and this lady returned to the society. The little girl had made her so happy that she wanted to double the happiness by adopting another child. She thought, too, that her adopted daughter needed companionship.

By a most extraordinary coincidence the other twin had just been brought back to the society.

The lady was asked if she would like to reunite the twin sisters; and she was delighted. Now the two little girls are perfectly happy together.

Twins should never be separated, say old grannies and nannies. Fate seems to have agreed.

OUR PENNY STAMPS TO BE CRIMSON

Any touch of colour to relieve the gloom of winter is welcome indeed.

We look forward to next January, when the postcards dropped through our letter-box will have a glowing crimson stamp instead of the pale pink one with which we are now familiar. It is expected, too, that the photo-gravure process, which gives detail more clearly, will be used for printing.

More welcome, however, would be a decision to return to the penny stamp for letters.

CITY CHAPEL CLOSING

Minister's Unenviable Task

Ministers have many unenviable tasks to perform, but surely none can be less relished than that of conducting the last service in a place of worship that has fallen on hard times.

Bishopsgate Chapel, one of the few remaining Nonconformist chapels in the City of London, is closing down; and it fell to the lot of the Honorary Minister in Charge, the Reverend William Langdon Lee, to conduct the last service on Sunday, July 30.

Bishopsgate Chapel is a historic edifice, two centuries old, for it was founded in 1700. Lately, however, difficulties have arisen, the chief being the urgent need for £1000 for restoration work. It was at last decided to close the chapel, dissolve the membership, and leave the property in the hands of the trustees.

For several years the chapel has been without a permanent minister through lack of funds. Mr Langdon Lee has been doing a good work there under trying conditions since 1930, but his time is fully occupied as Moderator of the London Province of the Congregational Union of England and Wales.

THE QUEEN METAL AND HER RIVAL

Gold has been called the king of metals and platinum the queen.

Today platinum is far more valuable than gold. But it has a serious rival in the form of a new stainless steel which is very cheap to produce but is almost indistinguishable from it, not only in appearance but in its extraordinary resistance to atmosphere and any form of corrosion.

The National Association of Goldsmiths has passed a resolution urging that in order to distinguish platinum from its rival it should have a hall-mark of its own. Hitherto platinum has been so distinctive that no such mark has been thought necessary.

THE HAPPY LAND

No Cheap Labour For the Tonga Islands

The Tonga Islands in the South Pacific are also called the Friendly Islands, a name given to them by Captain Cook on account of the friendly reception the inhabitants gave him when he landed there in 1773.

The people have deserved their name ever since and are ruled over by a Queen named Salote, who has won for herself a great reputation for her judgment and good government since she ascended the throne in 1918.

Queen Salote has foresight and courage too, and has shown it recently in her refusal to allow cheap labour to be introduced into her islands by the Japanese. Any Japanese can come to the Tonga Islands for six months, but for no longer, under a law that has recently been passed by her Government.

Life on these islands must be a happy one. The climate is perfect, the people are all Christians, mostly Wesleyans, and the Budget is balanced. The natives enjoy free education, free medical attendance, and free dental treatment.

The islands have been recognised as a Protectorate of Great Britain since the end of last century, and the High Commissioner of the Western Pacific helps the Queen and her little Parliament of 23 members in governing the 30,000 inhabitants on these friendly islands.

TOLLS REDUCED ON THE THAMES

It is not only the railways which have been suffering from the road transport; the lightermen and the barge-owners have been heavy losers from the new and more speedy competition.

The Thames Conservancy has been quick to meet this problem by reducing the tolls on craft using the waterways under its control by a considerable sum, so that the tolls are now only about 25 per cent above those charged before the war.

CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

AUGUST 5 1933

Would You See England?

No man at any time,
Not from the dawn of her
prime
Up to this hour where we stand,
Proud of our land,
Proud, proud of our Mother-
land,
Has seen great England's face,
Has ever truly said "Now, by
God's grace,
I look upon my England and
behold
How wondrous beautiful she is,
and strong, and bold."

SHE is invisible. This gracious
isle
Is but the garment that she
wears awhile,
And those far-Englands scat-
tered through the seas
But thoughts of hers she sows
upon the breeze,
Herself unseen.
She is a Soul celestial and serene,
Immortal Spirit born of God;
She wears no crown, she wields
no rod,
Nor seeks an empire, nor desires
the pride
Of warlike legions harnessed at
her side;
But in the thronging cities, and
the roar
Of engines throbbing on from
shore to shore,
And in the glory of our pomp
and show,
And in the shadow of our want
and woe,
And by the muddied rivers, and
the dumb
Anguish of alley, rookery, and
slum,
And in the poet's heart, the
statesman's brain,
And in the hope of Science, and
each gain
By labour won in constant strife
With hostile Nature and oppos-
ing life,
Lifts evermore her hands in
prayer,
Sees through the stars a shining
stair,
Where souls descending and
ascending raise
To God alone their hymns of
praise,
And longs in all her toils of
death and birth
For Heaven itself to come to
Earth.

Would you see England?

then, be wise,
Kneel down, and bow your
head, and close your eyes.
Harold Begbie



THE EDITOR'S TABLE

John Carpenter House, London

above the hidden waters of the ancient River
Fleet, the cradle of the Journalism of the world



By the Way

ON the lovely road between Dun-
church and Coventry stands a
cenotaph, and on each side of the
cenotaph is a gun.

It is right that we should be re-
minded of the young lives sacrificed
in the war; but is it necessary to
flaunt beside their cenotaph ugly
symbols of the machines which mur-
dered them?

It seems to us more than time that
all these war trophies were turned
into ploughshares.

After School, What Then?

"How grand it will be when I
leave school and have no
more lessons to learn," the schoolboy
said to the Philosopher.

"But your lessons will continue
just the same," the Philosopher mused,
"only with this difference—that there
will be no one to write for you on a
blackboard. You will work out your
problems alone."

He paused. "All the same," he
added, "perhaps you are right that
it will be grand."

Remembered For Years

THERE is a pretty tale of gratitude
in a recent journal of our own
times. It concerns Mr Lloyd George's
mother, who was an invalid.

Her son, then young and unknown,
was secretary one year at an
Eisteddfod at Crickieth, where a
young singer named Savage gave a
wonderful performance. He was
entertained at the Georges' simple
home for tea; and afterwards, though
nobody invited him, he sang to the
invalid all the songs on his programme,
much to her delight. Said Mr Lloyd
George many years after, when famous
and busy, "I loved him for his
kindness, which I have never forgot."

A Cruel Survival

THE Home Secretary has set up a
Committee of Inquiry into im-
prisonment for debt.

We are not sure why inquiry is
required, for the facts are plain.

As long ago as 1869 imprisonment
for debt was abolished by Parliament;
but a large loophole was left in the
law to enable a coach-and-four to be
driven through it with ease. So
effectively was this done that since
1869 about 300,000 persons have been
imprisoned for debt.

What happens is that poor people
are not imprisoned for debt, but the
courts make orders against them to
pay what they cannot pay, and when
they fail to pay they are sent to
prison for contempt of court.

If this imprisonment were abolished
the firms who trade on it would have
to alter their ways, for they would
no longer have behind them the means
to threaten.

In Cornwall Now

For the sight of sheer unspoiled
beauty of hedgerow a seeker
should travel in summer from North
Devonshire into Cornwall.

There the steep lanes are deep pink
with armies of foxgloves marching mile
upon mile in their thousands beside
ragged robins dressed in the same
colour, and great ferns of glowing
green, while trailing on the hedge tops
honeysuckle grows in such profusion
that those passing in a car have its
scent with them for miles.

Talk about a World Conference; it
is in Cornwall now as if the wild
flowers held one there. Certainly they
hold a Peace Conference, and their
silent loveliness is more eloquent
than all the talking on the Earth.

Tip-Cat!

IN some trades workmen are still paid
partly in kind. The ironmonger's
assistant gets a screw.

SHORTS are popular this summer. Let's
hope they will be worn long.

RIVALS in a recent tennis tournament
were both dentists. Did it end in
a draw?

PICTURE papers are full of jokes about
the hot weather. Dry humour.

COOK-YOUR-OWN-MEAL parties are be-
coming fashionable. Some people
prefer to
toast the
guests.



If a friend in need
is the only kind of
friend today

boys throwing stones. Especially as they
are always being told to aim high.

THE Green Shirts are being wiped out
in Germany. They won't wash.

A SCOTTISH bandsman played the bag-
pipes six feet under water. Trying
to drown the sound.

THE BROADCASTER

C.N. Calling the World

MR JOSEPH RANK, the miller, has
bought a £10,000 estate and
given it to Hull Infirmary.

A MAN has been fined £2 at Canter-
bury for throwing glass from a
motor coach.

AT Croydon a man has been fined
£2 for throwing a cigarette end
into a car.

JUST AN IDEA

What we need is not more material
things, but a better use of the things we have.

A Brave Heart

By Our Town Girl

A LITTLE while ago the C.N.
printed some words in which the
Philosopher quoted a line from a
French poem thanking God that
thorns have roses; and this is how
that small paragraph came about.

At the moment, living in London
in the tiniest of rooms at the top of
the tallest of houses (and no lift!), is
a certain little French lady. She is
not well known in any way; there
are, in fact, thousands like her, for
she is just one of London's lonely
foreigners, earning a scanty living by
teaching a language.

But she is one of the unknown
people who should wear a decoration
for courage. The Great War, which
cared not whom it crushed or whose
heart it broke, killed her betrothed and
bombs destroyed her home. Her
parents died, and she has no soul in
the world who minds very deeply
what happens to her now; and that
makes any life a poverty-stricken
existence and a lonely battle.

But one day, when someone to
whom she told these things remarked
How do you manage to appear so
cheerful and so brave? she answered
by quoting the little French poem
about thorns having roses. To the
listener it seemed that a tangle of
thorns must blind her eyes, yet
through them she was striving to see
the roses which will live in spite of
thorns. It was a thought to be
passed on, and it was sent to the C.N.;
but it was the brave little French lady
who inspired it.

Gratitude

SINCE One there is who set the
Sun on high,
Who loosed the wind, and gave
the rose her scent,
Who spread the stars about the
midnight sky,
And bid the lark reveal the way
He went:
Since One there is who gave a
mother's love,
Who made a little child, and
planted trees;
Who taught the Universe each
spacious move,
And gave the Earth the glory of
the seas:
Since One there is who granted
days to live
All set with comradeship, and
work, and song;
Can we endure to take and not to
give,
To pray for more, nor feel the
balance wrong?
Is all we have, and are, too much
to yield
To Him who clothed the lilies of
the field?
Ierne Ormsby

Through This Day

Dear Father, keep me through this
day
Obedient, kind, and true:
That, always loving Thee, I may
Seek all Thy will to do.

August 5, 1933

The Children's Newspaper

7

STRANGE HIDE AND SEEK

THE ROMANCE OF THE PASTON LETTERS

Historic Manuscripts Found in a Lumber Room

£3000 FOR MUSEUM TREASURE

Few documents associated with the history of England have such a romantic story as the Paston Letters.

It is something of a miracle that they exist to tell us, as they do, of home life and public strife during the cruel days of the Wars of the Roses.

There are over a thousand of these letters, and the Friends of the National Libraries, whose headquarters are at the British Museum, are appealing for £3000 to secure for the Museum the group which still remains outside a national collection.

A Mirror of Social Life

The letters were written between 1422 and 1509, and reveal how the Pastons, a Norfolk family, increased their power and influence by marriage and by careful choice of sides in the civil strife of the times. Much history is incidental in them, and they are a perfect mirror of the social life which prevailed immediately before the Tudors ruled and prosperity spread with internal peace.

The Pastons treasured these letters, and they accompanied the family to their last home beside the River Bure, a mansion built by Sir Clement from the 7000 crowns ransom for a French admiral whom this great Tudor seaman had captured. His grandson entertained Charles the Second here and was created Earl of Yarmouth, his heir marrying a daughter of the king.

Honest Tom Martin

This second earl was such a spendthrift that he was glad to sell some of the letters to Peter Le Neve, an antiquary who died in 1729, when his wife married another antiquary, who called himself Honest Tom Martin of Palgrave. On Martin's death his library and manuscripts were bought by Thomas Worth, a not very worthy chemist at Diss, who made a profit by selling the books and everything else he could; but luckily he had not disposed of the Paston Letters at his death in 1774.

Then there came along the purchaser to whom every historian is indebted, John Fenn of Dereham, who, encouraged by Horace Walpole, prepared them for publication in five volumes, one of which was issued after his death by his nephew Serjeant Frere.

Before Fenn died, however, he had bound up in three sumptuous volumes the MSS used in his first two printed volumes and presented them to George the Third. The King knighted the donor—but lost the volumes, or, as some declare, gave them to a friend.

Unjustified Suspicions

Strangely enough, by the time the fifth volume appeared in 1823 all the MSS had completely disappeared, and in 1865 suspicions were aroused that Fenn's work was a fake. Philip Frere, son of the last editor, thereupon hunted high and low, and eventually discovered the originals of the fifth volume in a lumber room at Dungate in Cambridgeshire, when they were bought by the British Museum. Ten years later the MSS of Fenn's third and fourth volumes, with 95 which Fenn had not included, were found at Roydon Hall, near Diss, and these were bought by the Museum in 1896.

In the meantime King George's volumes had turned up in 1889 at

THE TRAVELLER WITH NO TICKET

In a conversation the other day about the intelligence of dogs one of the people present told an amusing true story.

When she and her husband were travelling in a local stopping train in Jersey a big Collie type of dog got into the carriage alone and crept under the seat. As soon as the train started he came out and sat on the seat opposite, gazing out of the window. At the next station, as the train slowed down, he again got under the seat.

At the same place another traveller entered the carriage, and when the Collie dog came out of his hiding, the

traveller, who spoke to the dog, explained what was happening.

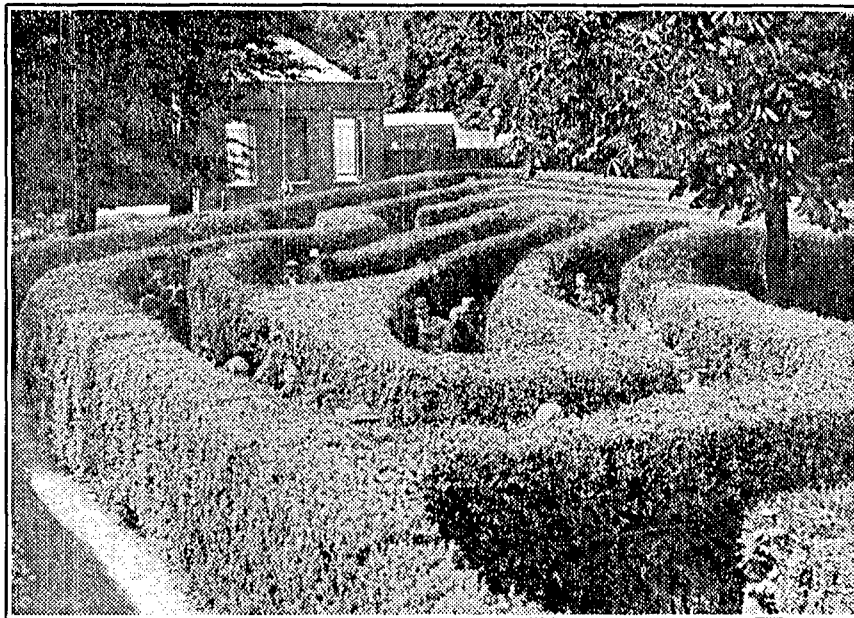
It appeared that the dog was well known on the line and constantly travelled, evidently for the mere enjoyment of it, probably hiding at a station for fear of being turned out before he reached his destination, which was always the same small town.

Sure enough, when this place was reached, out jumped the dog and trotted gaily out of sight. "After he has amused himself for a few hours," it was explained, "he will return in the same way by another train."

THE WAY OUT



Showing the way out from the Maze at Hampton Court



More than 30 million people are said to have passed through Hampton Court Maze since it was laid out in the time of William the Third. Not all of these, however, have solved the problem of its intriguing twists and turns, for many visitors find it necessary to seek the aid of the guide in making their way out.

Continued from the previous column

Orwell Park in Suffolk among the books of Bishop Tomline, who had been secretary to William Pitt. They remained in private possession, and it is these letters which are required.

But this is not the whole story. We must go back to Oxnead, which had been left without an heir and encumbered with debt on the death of the second Earl of Yarmouth in 1732.

In 1735 Francis Blomefield, a Norfolk parson who was gathering material for a history of Norfolk, his county, obtained leave to study the papers of the late earl at Oxnead. He spent a fortnight in the muniments room there and carried off a large parcel. He had realised the significance of the remaining Paston Letters, which he described as "of good consequence in history."

Blomefield was a great worker but also an extravagant liver, being a boon companion of 'honest' Tom Martin, who, on Blomefield's death in 1752, may have acquired some of the MSS from the executors. Some, at any rate, of Blomefield's group came into the possession of the antiquary John Ives and were bought by Gough in 1777.

Of these a series of 20 were secured by that rough diamond Francis Douce and left by him to the Bodleian Library at Oxford, because its keeper had been polite to him on a casual visit there. A few others are at the Bodleian; and others are at Magdalen College, Oxford.

Curious indeed has been the history of these precious letters; one wonders if further letters by members of that clever 15th-century family will some day turn up in another lumber room.

IN GERMANY NOW

A NATION IN UNIFORM

"How is it That the People Do Not Come To See Us?"

VERY FEW ENGLISH TRAVELLERS

By a Travelling Correspondent

The sun had reached its highest altitude, the summer solstice, and Germany was celebrating the Festival of Youth in June.

In every village along the shores of Lake Constance processions were passing composed of young folk, children, and men and girls in Nazi uniform.

Most of the boys wore this uniform also. We thought of earlier visits to Germany during the last three summers. In the place of the natural, child-like greetings we had received in those days, we now were greeted, even by toddling infants, with the stiff Nazi salute.

Nazi Dolls

Even the children's balls were stamped with the swastika. The windows of toy-shops were filled with Nazi dolls, stiff and uncompromising. There is no place for the fairies now in Germany, not even in the Black Forest. Snow White and Red Rose have been replaced by the brown uniformed figures and the inevitable swastika.

In the old town of Uberlingen, near Constance, the gentle face of Blessed Henry Suso in the market-place seemed to rebuke this new fever, so alien to peace.

We visited a kindly host of other days. He had become a red-hot Hitlerite. A portrait of his hero hung on the wall of the room in which he received us; it was adorned with a large buttonhole of edelweiss glued to the appropriate place.

One Man, One Voice

We discussed recent happenings. It was admitted that the Jews had been treated "with some severity."

"With great injustice," we suggested. "And what of the speech of Von Papen, with its strong advocacy of war?"

This our host waved airily aside.

"Von Papen," said he; "and who is he? One man, one voice."

Thus did he dispose of the Vice-Chancellor of the Reich!

We found English newspapers in most of the towns through which we passed, but few English people to read them.

"How is it that the nations do not come?" asked one man plaintively, in the hotel of a small and once popular watering-place. "We have here one Dutchman and two Americans, but the nations do not come to Germany. I cannot understand it."

Arbiters of a People's Destiny

We noticed that the old Kur Platz of other days had been re-named the Adolph Hitler Platz; and this was the case with the chief streets and squares of all the towns we visited. Goering's name was less popular, but occasionally to be seen; and in the windows of every book and picture shop were photographs of these two arbiters of a people's destiny.

Not many miles from the frontier we passed a camp of detention in which, behind high fences of barbed wire, a number of youths were being drilled in the goose step and in forming fours by a Nazi official. We drew up and watched them for some time. The Nazi commander was informed of our temerity and came hurrying from the barrack, an unpleasant-looking man.

He demanded our papers, inquired where we were going, seemed seriously annoyed, and curtly informed us that it was "forbidden to stop there."

We had seen no notice announcing this fact, but his attitude was threatening, and we continued our journey, glad to cross the frontier into France.

NO BUYING, NO TRADE

The Roosevelt Recovery Plan

MORE MONEY TO SPEND

A revolution in commercial and economic practice is taking place in America, and employers and employed all the world over are watching closely the great experiment begun in the cotton trade in July. It is an essential of President Roosevelt's recovery plan that higher wages must accompany higher prices and regulated output.

The President sees clearly that it is useless to produce masses of goods if people have not the means to buy them.

To illustrate this, a code of rules (temporary and subject to modification in the light of experience) has been established in the American cotton trade. The chief points are:

1. No Child Labour. All workers to be 16 years of age or over.
2. Shorter Hours. The maximum working week to be 40 hours.
3. Machinery. Use of machinery to be limited to a maximum of two shifts of 40 hours each.
4. Minimum Wage. In the Northern cotton mills, a minimum wage of 13 dollars; in the Southern mills, a minimum of 12 dollars. This means increasing cotton wages by nearly one-third, while working hours are reduced by one-fourth.

President Roosevelt believes, in plain language, in thus resembling his famous uncle Theodore, who was President during the last great American trade slump of 1907. He terms the abolition of child labour in the cotton trade "the end of an ancient atrocity."

WHERE HOPE IS

Our Oldest Inhabitants

There is a village among the Derbyshire hills which can surely claim the healthiest and happiest band of oldest inhabitants in England.

Hope is the curiously appropriate name of this village, for if it is true that where there is life there is hope, it is certainly true that where Hope is there is life—long life.

Mr Joseph Holme, aged 93, can be seen most days at work in the village forge. Down the street comes Miss Annie Middleton, aged 92, shopping basket in hand, for she lives by herself and does all her own work. Every Sunday, too, she is to be seen in the church where her ancestors worshipped 700 years ago.

Miss Middleton will probably stop for a chat with Mrs How in her little shop; Mrs How is 90. Another 90-year-old regularly attends the local lodge of Oddfellows, to keep an eye on the many members of 70 or 80, who, in this village, are considered too young to be entirely responsible for their actions.

It was a sad day for Hope when Mrs Presser died recently at the Old Hall, three years short of 90.

A CAR'S 21st BIRTHDAY

"I apologise for the car," said Country Girl as she left a stately old manor house, and her hostess unfortunately insisted on coming to the gate.

"We don't clean it," Country Girl explained, "because Tom thinks it is only the mud that holds it together. He believes that if we cleaned it everything would get loose and fall to bits. It is very, very old."

"Pooh!" said her hostess. "I know a car which has just had its 21st birthday. It had a party, and a cake with candles."

"And does it still work for its living," asked Country Girl, "or does it live in the park with the old hunters?"

"It is used regularly," she was assured.

We must not give away the car's name, but we may state that it is a British one. Many happy returns to the staunch old fellow.

The Ship on Which Nelson Died

Portsmouth Navy Week has come round again, and one of its great sights will be the Victory, Nelson's famous flagship.

MANY living now are glad to remember that they saw Nelson's Victory afloat off Gosport, and, coming to her by a longshoreman's wherry, climbed up the side steps and made their way through the entry port in the footsteps of the great Admiral.

The illusion is less complete now that the Victory lies secure from all the sea's mishaps in dry dock in Portsmouth Harbour. The dock is worthy to receive its precious burden, for it is the oldest dry dock in the world; and if Nelson would miss the salt water he would look with pride on his flagship's graceful bulk, the swelling lines of the hull, the three great lanterns aft, the soaring masts, the yards, the stun-sailed booms, the hempen rigging, the lines of fluttering flags. All is there as Nelson saw it at Trafalgar except the shot-torn sails.

Proudest Memorial

All is as he saw it, not indeed altogether as it was, for masts and rigging and even guns have had to be replaced. So far as is humanly possible this proudest memorial of the British Navy is the ship Lord Nelson loved, the ship that carried his flag to victory, the ship on which he died.

When we board her our impatience to see the spot where he yielded up his life will hardly bear the necessary tour of the four decks of the ship, their guns and their fittings. These are of immense interest, both because they bring back to us every feature of a fighting ship of those days, and because we are sure the Admiral knew them all. Nevertheless we descend from the poop, where in fine weather Nelson walked up and down the weather side, to the upper gun deck with the cabins occupied by him for two years without setting his feet on shore, then to the middle gun deck with the 24-pounder guns, and the lower gun deck with the 32-pounders, till we come to the orlop deck and the after-part of it called the cockpit.

The Hour of Fate

Here we meet history face to face. Here Nelson died. Here he consummated victory with the last great sacrifice. The cockpit is well lighted now. In that hour of fate the fitful gleam of a ship's lantern was all that lighted up the heavy beams and the pallet on which our hero was laid. We cannot hear the thunder of Trafalgar's guns, the surge of the waves is silent, but we can picture all else. The fleet surgeon's fingers are on the failing pulse, Dr Scott the Yorkshire chaplain lays his hand on the Admiral's chest, Mr Burke the Kent purser supports his head, the poor steward Chevalier scans the surgeon's face to see if he may read there a sign of hope. Captain Hardy towers over the group. There are

others here in this dark and crowded hour, other wounded waiting their turn for the rough ministrations of the surgeon, but for a moment all action is suspended except the turmoil outside. Even the carpenter has crept down to watch the group in breathless anxiety.

The minutes flow swiftly by, the Admiral's life is ebbing, though he had opened his eyes and smiled when they told him that 20 prizes had been taken and the victory won. Captain Hardy kneels down and kisses the Admiral's cheeks. The dying man murmurs "Now I am satisfied. Thank God I have done my duty." Another moment and Hardy stoops again. The Admiral says "Who is that?" The captain answers "It is Hardy," and Nelson replies "God bless you, Hardy," and the two friends part for ever.

A Hundred Pictures

There are a hundred other memories this great ship awakens, a hundred pictures of the Navy of Nelson's day that it presents to us. The surgeon's quarters where Nelson died are a reminder of the desperate hardships under which the seamen risked their lives. They are dark, they must have been foul, the instruments were of the crudest kind.

Compared with this dark cubby-hole the gun decks with the guns, man-handled by sweating seamen, were almost cheerful. The whole of the ship lies open to us now, neat and brushed up from poop to fore-castle. We can see at our leisure the wheel ropes, the pumps, the hempen cable, the capstans, the storerooms, the quarters of officers and men.

Trafalgar Day

We must employ our imagination to fit into this background the scene on the day of the Battle of Trafalgar. On the gun decks, the gun's crew stripped to the waist, the decks awash with water and sand strewn about to prevent men slipping as they heave and strain at the guns—that is the preliminary. As the ships close to action the air is filled with smoke, a shudder goes through the ship as a broadside strikes her, beams are shattered and splinters fly, spars and rigging crash down from aloft. Amid this turmoil and fury, where cheers mingle with curses and groans, Nelson and Hardy pace the quarter-deck.

All is here to be awakened by the touchstone of imagination.

The nation no less than the Navy is under a deep debt of gratitude to Sir Doveton Sturdee for preserving this ship; and we may recall that another age even more careless than ours proposed a hundred years ago to cut her down to a two-decker or to break her up. She was happily saved from the vandal, and after being the Admiral Superintendent's flagship at Portsmouth for many years she flew and still flies the flag of the Commander-in-Chief at Portsmouth.

LESS DANGER IN OUR MILLS

LIGHTNING can do a great deal of harm in high buildings like cotton mills, where machinery is running; but thanks to a newly-invented device its risks have been very much lessened.

It is the shafting high up in the building which is usually struck, the lightning travelling through all the rooms till it runs to earth. If, as is the case in a cotton mill, there is a lot of fluff in the air and clinging to the shafting this may suddenly cause a blaze.

Frightened operatives dash for safety, leaving their machines running, so that, added to the dangers of fire and panic, there is the awful possibility of being caught in the machinery, temporarily blinded by the heavy smoke. Many have met their death this way, for the engine-house is often a considerable distance away, and valuable moments are lost before the engine can be stopped.

But the new invention does away with most of these dangers at once. It consists of boxes, rather like fuse-boxes in appearance. These boxes are attached to the shafting at intervals of every 20 yards or so, each box being connected by wires to the engine-house and to the release taps of sprinkler valves.

The lightning travels along the shafting till it reaches one of these boxes, which thereupon blows out, sending an electric signal for the engine to stop, at the same time releasing the sprinkler valves, so that a shower of water stops the fluff from catching alight.

The device has already proved its worth, for everything happened as it should, and fire and danger from machinery were averted, when lightning struck the shafting of the Goyt Spinning Mill at Marple soon after the safety apparatus had been fixed.

A BRAVE MAN'S WAY TO HEAVEN

The Postmaster of Vylök

Once again a night of horror has added a name to the world's roll of heroes.

The River Theiss in Eastern Czechoslovakia burst its banks and swept down on the village of Ujla. When the waters had passed only 80 houses out of more than 500 were left standing, and 3000 peasants from here and neighbouring villages were homeless.

The horror broke suddenly through the peace of night. Men woke with the din of waters in their ears to feel their cottages being swept from under them. The more fortunate found a roof or a treetop to cling to shiveringly till day dawned and troops with pontoons came to their rescue. One hundred and fifty people clung to the roof of a church, with the water swirling only two feet below them; but they were rescued; and so were the 500 Jews of Vylök, trapped in the synagogue to which they had rushed in terror.

Then There Was Silence

But had it not been for the postmaster of Vylök they and hundreds more might have perished. He telephoned for help, and then continued to direct the rescue parties by telephone till the water swirled about him.

He climbed on a table, and still the water mounted. He put a chair on the table, stood on it and went on telephoning, and still the water mounted.

"Communication will soon be impossible," he said to the man at the other end of the telephone; "the waters have risen to my chest."

And then there was silence.

The postmaster had met death as coolly and bravely as a hero can. He might have escaped, but he chose to give others a chance of escape. The table and then the chair were just so many steps on a brave man's way up to heaven.

OAMARU REMEMBERS

The Memory of Five Brave Men

In the C.N. letter-bag is a letter from Oamaru on the coast of New Zealand, where the people have never forgotten an event which happened in their post office 21 years ago.

From here the dramatic message was sent to the Admiralty in London that Scott and his four companions had perished after reaching the South Pole three weeks after Amundsen.

To show their respect and admiration of Scott and his gallant comrades the people of Oamaru hold every year a memorial celebration. Some girls of the High School who read the C.N. have sent us an account of the 19th ceremony. One of the speakers was Commodore Burgess-Watson of the New Zealand Navy, who had been a personal friend of Scott. As the Last Post sounded there was a moment of silent remembrance for five brave men whose names will live for evermore.

READY-LAID FIRES

Made To Fit Your Grate

We are all getting used to free samples, but there is a big surprise in store for many people, a whole ready-laid fire delivered free.

This is the idea of Manchester Collieries for spreading the merits of their coal in different parts of Lancashire.

Each ready-to-light fire is to be packed in a basket, complete with fuse to start it, and the whole covered with transparent paper so that it may be placed in the grate and left there.

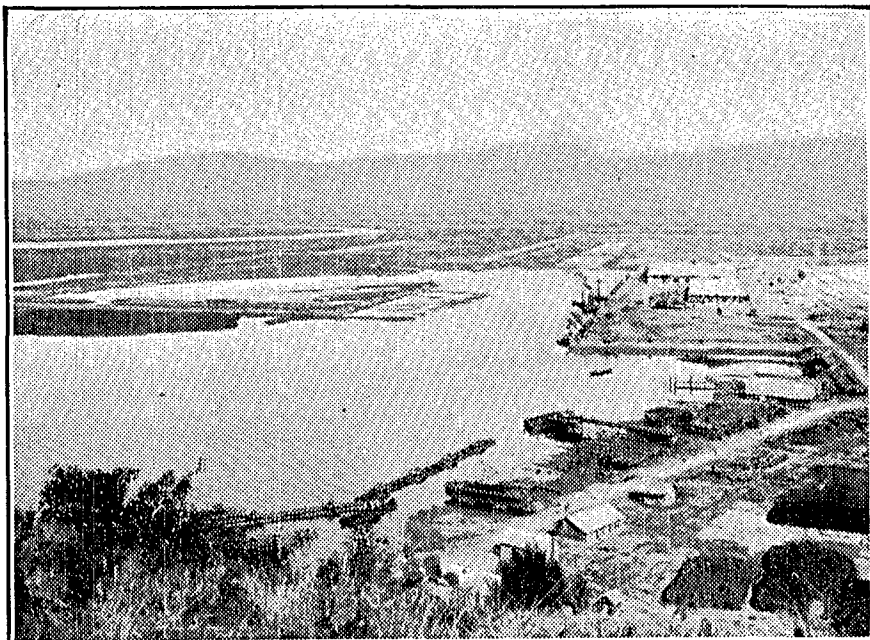
Those who like these ready-made fires and want to buy more are advised to send the inside measurements of their grates to their coalman to get a good fit.

August 5, 1933

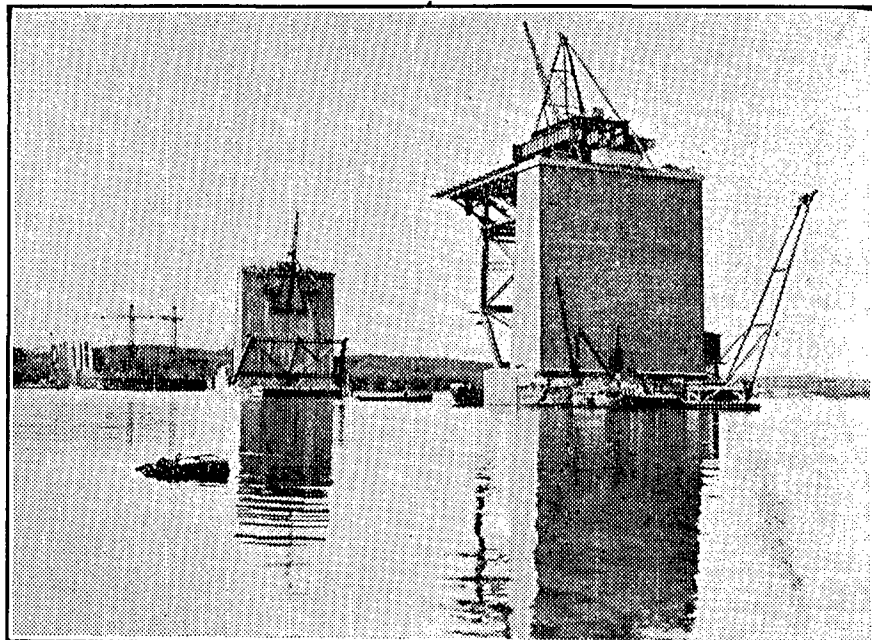
The Children's Newspaper

9

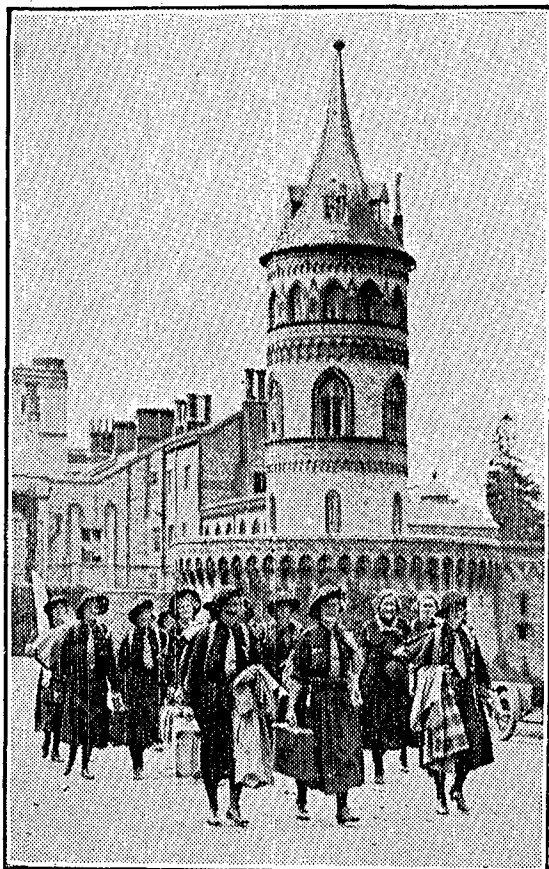
A SURREY CARILLON · BIG ENGINEERING WORKS · SWISS YODELLERS



India's New Harbour—A great modern harbour costing three million pounds is being constructed on this site at Vizagapatam in Madras. The new port will serve important manganese-producing areas, and is to be ready for use by large vessels by the end of the year.



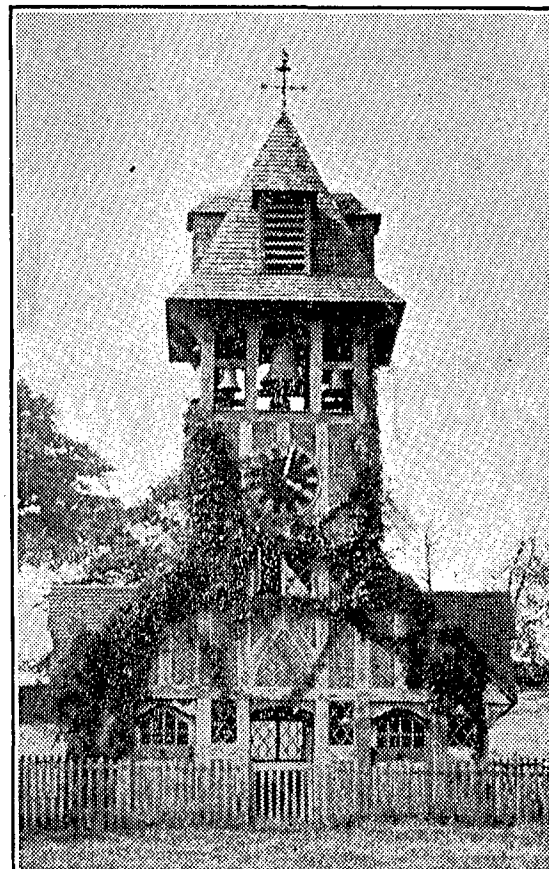
Denmark's New Bridge—The island of Funen in the Baltic is being linked with Jutland by a bridge which will be nearly 4000 feet long. Here are two massive piers rising in the Little Belt to support the structure more than a hundred feet above water-level.



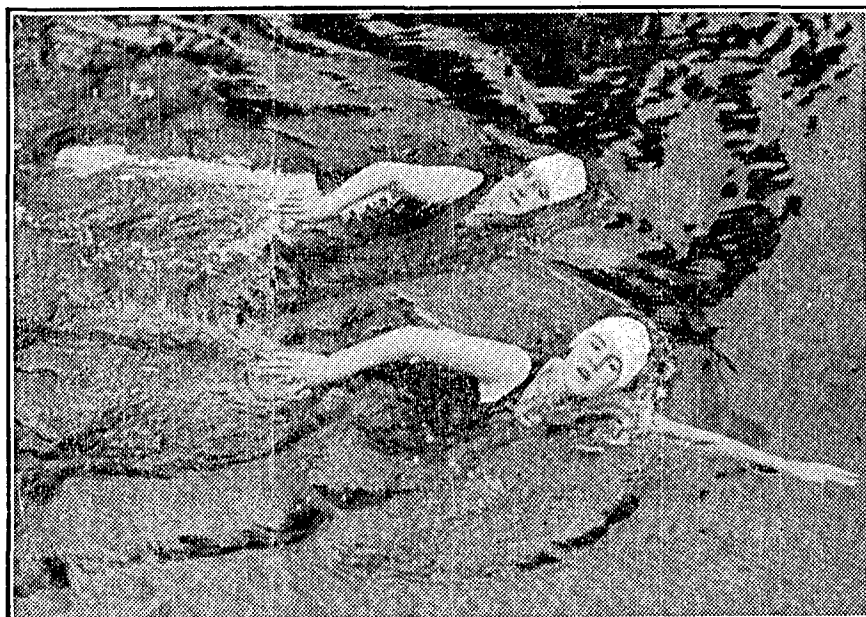
Seeing England—Norwegian Girl Guides who visited London for an international folk-dancing display have been camping at Horsley Towers in Surrey, shown here.



Making Themselves Heard—A yodelling contest was held recently at Interlaken; these two little people were the youngest competitors. Yodelling plays an important part in the rural life of Switzerland.



A Surrey Carillon—This picturesque tower at Westcroft Park, near Chobham, contains the most complete carillon in England, consisting of 23 bells. See page 10.



Mother and Daughter—Miss Lorna Roberts, who is seventeen, is here seen being trained for the Ladies Mile Championship of Surrey by her mother, winner of many swimming events.



Experts All—These spirited ponies at the Rickmansworth Riding School show how to clear an obstacle with ease, while their riders find it unnecessary to hold the reins.

TWO GIRLS IN A BOAT

Terrifying Experience on Lake Balaton

SOME THRILLING HOLIDAY ADVENTURES

On Lake Balaton in Hungary, the largest lake in Southern Europe, two English girls went for a sail accompanied by a man friend.

It was evening. Suddenly they were caught in one of those treacherous lake storms which spring up without warning. Their frail boat was swept out into the middle of the lake. Then a fierce gust of wind swooped down on it, and before they could get the sail down the dinghy had turned turtle and they were flung into the water.

By holding on to the canvas they managed to drag themselves on to the upturned boat. All night they drifted helplessly, holding on to the keel with almost frozen fingers, for the weather had turned bitterly cold.

When Daylight Came

Things were no better when daylight came. It grew intensely hot and they had no shelter from the blazing Sun. But it is better to be cast adrift on a lake than on the sea. By the early afternoon they had reached dry land, and although exhausted they were able to scramble ashore.

Fortunately they landed at a village, where a kindly cottager took them in and gave them beds.

For 14 hours a search had been made for the little party by a lifeboat and steamers before they were discovered, safe and sound, at the isolated village of Balaton Scemes, twelve miles from the place from which they had set out so happily the evening before.

At Newhaven a London girl took part in a foolhardy adventure the other day. When she heard that Mr Angus Miller was to make an attempt to beat Kay Don's motor-boat record, she determined to go on his boat, White Cloud II, as a stowaway. She managed to slip on board and hide in the cabin.

Fright and Amazement

After a time she heard someone come on board. It was Mr Miller, who began to put his boat through some tests.

There was an almost annihilating roar of engines as he started off, and the speedboat shot over the sea at 45 miles an hour. To his amazement a head was suddenly thrust through the hatchway and he saw the frightened face of the girl stowaway.

Those of us who have crossed the Channel when the sea is choppy can realise something of the girl's experience, which must have been far worse in a speedboat. Very thankfully she accepted the chivalrous offer of Mr Miller to land her at Rye.

CINDERELLA OUTSHONE

Cinderella is said to have had slippers of glass, but the other day a girl walked about in Mr Selfridge's shop wearing a whole dress of glass.

It looked, said someone, like a frozen waterfall.

The stuff is spun glass, composed of three layers of threads pressed together, and it is said to be surprisingly tough, although it must be hand sewn.

The beautiful shimmering fabric feels no heavier than taffeta, and many Frenchwomen appear to be wearing evening dresses made of it.

Cinderella's fairy godmother must be muttering crossly, "Why couldn't I have thought of that?"

Pity the Poor Pit Pony

And buy your coal from the mechanical transport mine

C.N. Questions ABOUT MUSIC

It is good for us all to know something about the essentials of music, and we have asked our Music Correspondent to answer a few questions from time to time.

What is Melody?

Melody is the rising and falling of musical sounds.

At first melodies were very simple and almost like the monotonous music of savages; but as tribal life became more sociable, and people learned to dance, their melodies changed too. Poets appeared and music was made to fit verse, which made for more changes. Moods and feelings were then expressed in music.

A good melody always has a fine pattern of Rhythm, for if sounds are sung just anyhow they mean nothing. What would the Marseillaise sound like if all the notes had the same length?

Sometimes the melody floats on the top of other music (called the accompaniment). Some melodies are tucked away inside chords and you have to listen hard to find them. Unless a melody has a life and lilt all its own it does not last. Good King Wenceslas, for example, is hundreds of years old.

What is Rhythm?

Rhythm means life itself. When a melody only has the feeling of being in time it is clock-like music, but when the same melody has rhythm the music of it spells enchantment.

In medieval times the monks were the only people who could write, and they spent a good deal of time in composing scholarly music. They did not understand the dances and marches made by everyday people, who could not write at all, and so it was that two kinds of music grew side by side. To this day we have the sacred music of the churches, with no set rhythm, and the secular music going on in the world outside, which has always been full of life and go. Musical rhythms have always been freer than those of poetry, but never have they been so carefree as they are today. If in the future everything is to be done by machinery we shall feel the need of rhythm more and more to keep our feelings and senses alive and active.

What is a Sonata?

Cantata means a sung piece; Sonata means a sound piece, showing the difference between vocal and instrumental music. Church sonatas were the first kind, then they were developed privately and written for early keyboard instruments like the spinet. Years passed before composers tired of saying the same thing in a variety of ways, but by the end of the 17th century there were actually two ideas in a sonata, plus a change of key, though one movement was still the fashion.

Once the idea of two parts had taken root a third and a fourth were soon added. Dances of the period were the best material for building up these sound pieces, for there were slow and quick dances. Haydn did much for the last movement of a sonata, called the Rondo; Mozart polished three movements into perfection; Beethoven made sonatas full of human emotion. The form became more elastic, and Liszt, at the end of the 19th century, wrote rhapsodical sonatas of many parts in one whole. Today sonatas contain any and every kind of music.

What is a Madrigal?

At first madrigals were religious compositions, with Latin words; so when everyday words were used another name was given, Madricale, Latin for "a rustic song in the native tongue."

Madrigals came from the Netherlands to Italy, arriving in England in Elizabethan times, when they were as popular as the Sonnet. Many voices took part, there was no accompaniment, and if you forgot the words you just sang "Fa, la, la." There were two, three, and four-part madrigals, with the tune on top, the other parts singing melodies of their own.

SETTLING OUR PEOPLE IN CANADA A Plan For Holdings Linked With Home

An interesting suggestion concerning the emigration problem has been put forward by General Montague Hornby.

In a memorandum which he has issued for the Overseas Settlement Department of the Dominions Office he proposes that migration committees of our counties and towns should devise schemes for the establishment of their own settlements in Canada.

The committees, formed of voluntary members of the communities and approved by the Government, should select families suited for transplantation to the Dominion and place them on their own "foundation settlements," where they should supervise them until they were sufficiently established to stand alone. The committees should return any misfits to the Motherland.

What Ontario Can Offer

General Hornby, who is an authority on the subject (he wrote a book on land in Canada 20 years ago), considers that the Province of Ontario is the most suited for the scheme, as she can offer a large area of land forthwith.

A start could be made with 50 holdings of varying size on an area of 5000 acres. The necessary buildings would be erected on these holdings, and suitable live stock, implements, and so on would be provided.

As Canada is unable to advance funds for the settlement of emigrants from United Kingdom the cost would fall on us; but with careful selection of those sent out it is anticipated that the plan would meet with success.

FIVE NEW BELLS FOR WESTCROFT PARK

Largest Carillon in England

The recent addition of five bells to the carillon which has stood in Westcroft Park, near Chobham in Surrey, for the past seven years makes it the largest in England.

The building in which the bells are hung is in the quiet park of Mr H. O. Serpell, who is in his eighty-first year.

When he was a lad living at Plymouth he learned to love the sound of church bells and determined that some day he would have a peal of his own.

His carillon now consists of 25 bells, and can be heard every Sunday afternoon. Crowds of people are attracted by the beautiful playing of these bells, the largest of which weighs three-quarters of a ton.

LONDON'S LITTLE HOUSE

A house might begin to wonder whether it was a house if it were so tiny that for years it had not been used, save as an extra servant's bedroom now and then by the big house next door.

But there is such a house now on sale in London, an absurd little building between two tall neighbours in Hyde Park Place. Though it takes up little space in London it has quite a big place in literature, for it is said that Barrie made it the home of his Mr and Mrs Darling in The Little White Bird.

Only six feet wide and about 20 long, Number Ten is believed to have been built as a home for an old servant by the lady who lived at Number Nine some sixty years ago.

It has a tiny hall with two rooms over it, one above the other. The only means of reaching these upstairs rooms is a very narrow iron ladder, so that prospective tenants must look to their girth.

The Cornish Riviera express now makes the non-stop run from Paddington to Plymouth, more than 226 miles, in three minutes less than four hours.

WALES KEEPS A JUBILEE

A Great Thing From Small Beginnings

THE WORKER'S UNIVERSITY

England boasts of its ancient colleges and universities, but far back in the fifth century Wales had a world-renowned college at Llantwit Major.

It decayed, and until last century the Principality was without a university of its own.

The miners, steel-workers, and farmers dreamed of a University College for Cardiff. But there was no great benefactor who would finance such a scheme, so the workers began collecting their pennies. Those who could afford sixpences gave them that a college might come into being. Even pennies and sixpenny-pieces grow and from them began Cardiff University College.

Fifty years ago a few scholars gathered together at the Old Infirmary and there began this mighty vision of education for the democracy of Wales.

The Jubilee celebrations have just been held, visitors from the universities of Scotland and Ireland as well as the English seats of learning being present to congratulate Wales on its finest monument of the last fifty years.

To show how little things can become great it is only necessary to state that in fifty years the Cardiff College has become possessed of a home worth £552,000, one of the grandest buildings in that wonderful Cathays Park of Cardiff. At present the income of the College is £120,000; there are 1500 students and a staff of 106.

An amazing feature of the College is that about 90 per cent of the students come from working-class homes.

THE BEST A MAN CAN DO A Schoolboy Does It

There was a prize-giving recently in Glasgow which thrilled all who were in St Andrew's Hall, the 800 boys in area, gallery, and organ loft, the masters in their coloured hoods on the platform, and all the relations and friends.

The various awards for school work had been presented, and then there was a tremendous outburst of cheering as the School Captain was called to receive the trophy for the boy who had been most useful in influencing the tone of the school during the past year.

Motioning him to remain, his headmaster said:

"I should like publicly to acknowledge how much we all owe to Crerar today. The best tribute to be paid any man is to say that he left his office a more important one than he found it, and that I say wholeheartedly of him."

Then, solemnly bowing to the lad beside him, he added: "I thank you."

Headmaster and boy, the two generations, met, bound as brothers in a common ideal; and the veriest stranger in that crowd was stirred.

A GENTLEMAN OF THE PRESS

Some of us who, like the C.N. itself, are the children of Fleet Street, may think no higher compliment could be paid to Lord Burnham than to say that he was one of us.

He was a good Fleet Streeter, an honourable and able journalist, who, inheriting the traditions of the Daily Telegraph from his father and his grandfather, old Mr Levi Lawson, who founded it, kept them clean and bright. It is no small tribute to him and to them that their great newspaper prospers and increases under the principles they laid down and maintained.

A friend of journalists, though he often concealed the help he gave, he made many friends who will miss him; none will miss him more than the Gentlemen of the Press, of whom he was one.

PERSEID METEORS

BEST TIME TO SEE THEM

Why They So Seldom Reach
the Earth

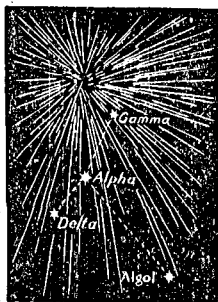
SOME FAMOUS METEORITES

By the C.N. Astronomer

The chief celestial event of next week is the coming of the Perseid meteors. This annual spectacle will this year suffer from the presence of the Moon, which does not set until about 2 a.m.

Nevertheless a few of the brighter of these so-called shooting stars may be observed low in the north-east sky after about 11 p.m., provided there is no cloud or haze about. There they may be seen shooting, as it were, from their radiant point in the constellation of Perseus; hence their name, though actually the meteors have nothing to do with the stars of Perseus and are not appreciably nearer to them than we are. We see the meteors apparently radiating from there as the result of perspective.

In the diagram the streaks represent an hour's display under favourable conditions.



The chief stars of Perseus, showing how the meteors appear to radiate from a point near Gamma

The best time to observe them is early in the morning after the Moon has set and before the dawn. Perseus is then high up to the east of overhead and the meteors will be seen to best advantage falling toward us, as it were. They will be seen in greater numbers than earlier in the night, because we are then nearer to the front of the Earth, that is, the direction in which it is travelling. Last year these meteors were observed to fall at the rate of between 60 and 114 an hour in favourable situations, in the early morning.

As a rule the meteors get burned up and vanish when between 40 and 50 miles above the Earth's surface, though occasionally one reaches the ground and may afterwards be found. It is then known as a meteorite.

Meteorites are very heavy bodies, as a rule, with a crystalline exterior so carbonised or burned as to appear as if covered with a dark glaze. They may be no larger than marbles or cricket balls, though occasionally specimens are found weighing several tons, as in the case of the Cranbourne meteorite, which weighs three and a half tons and is now in the South Kensington Museum. It was found near Melbourne, Australia, in 1854.

A meteorite weighing about 60 tons remains buried in the earth in Mexico; while one which Peary brought from Melville Bay in Greenland for the New York Museum of Natural History weighed over 37 tons.

Fragments of a Comet

Most meteors, however, are no larger than pebbles, or even grains of sand, in which case no residue survives the combustion except the vapours which enter the Earth's atmosphere and the dust which ultimately falls to the ground.

Before they enter the Earth's atmosphere the meteors are invisible, their combustion being due to the terrific speed with which they travel through it; this in the case of the Perseids amounts to about 40 miles a second. We therefore see them through only about 20 or 30 miles of their flight.

These particular Perseid meteors have been traced to Tuttle's Comet of 1862, the meteors being cometary debris travelling along the comet's orbit; thus the comet is being subject to gradual disintegration.

The Earth will cross the path of this comet some time between August 10 and 12, and it will be on one of these nights that the meteor display should be seen at its best.

G. F. M.

A PATCH OF THE CITY

The Derelict Land in
Dorset Street

CAN NOTHING BE DONE ABOUT IT?

Cities no less than the countryside need vigilant watching by all who would keep their homeland beautiful.

London is no exception. Between Dorset Street and Bridewell Place, within a stone's throw from the office of the C.N., is a case in point.

Here, for as long as many grown-ups can remember, a plot of ground about a thousand square yards in area has lain derelict, hidden from passers-by by an ugly poster-plastered hoarding and a dilapidated double gateway.

It is an old burial-ground of Bridewell Hospital. Centuries of litigation and Parliamentary action lie behind the problem of its ownership, the disputants being the Bridewell authorities and the family of the Sackvilles, Earls of Dorset and De la Warr.

This litigation is too complicated to enter upon here. Suffice it to say that while the powers that be decided that the freehold was the property of the Sackvilles, they forbade any building to be erected on the ground.

That is why the land is derelict. But there is surely no reason why it should be so.

If they were approached in a proper way surely the present owners could be persuaded to take down the hoarding and convert the land which is now so ugly into a tiny oasis of green amid the surrounding bricks and mortar.

A BURIED FOREST

What a Volcano Covered Up

While excavations for sewerage works were being made at New Plymouth, a large seaport town in New Zealand, the mechanical ditcher uncovered portions of a forest that must have been buried by a volcanic eruption thousands of years ago.

At the bottom of the trench, which is nearly 30 feet deep, was found a piece of totara, a very durable New Zealand timber. The bark was so wonderfully preserved, in spite of the fact that it must have been buried for thousands of years, that it looked as if it had been stripped from a growing tree.

This piece of bark has been placed in the New Plymouth Museum.

WHO WAS JOSEPH PRIESTLEY?

Born Leeds, March 13, 1733
Died U.S.A., February 6, 1804

The son of a cloth-dresser, Joseph Priestley was successively Dissenting minister, school teacher, and librarian. In the last capacity he served Lord Shelburne, whom he accompanied on a journey to the Continent. There he met Lavoisier and other great chemists, and communicated his discovery of oxygen.

In their hands this discovery revolutionised chemistry. Disciples of Lavoisier claim for their master that he discovered oxygen and the composition of water independently of Priestley, but the Englishman's title to credit seems clear, though Lavoisier gave oxygen its name. Priestley had called it dephlogistised air, believing the gas to be air deprived of the so-called phlogiston, in which he believed to the end. He made many other important discoveries, but left to others their correct interpretation. Cavendish laid the foundation of pneumatic chemistry, but Priestley so improved upon his apparatus as to be called the father of pneumatic chemistry.

His religious views were generally regarded as heterodox, and toward the close of his career he emigrated to the United States, there to await the Second Coming of Christ.

UGLY PAULINE

INTERESTING YOUNGSTER

AT THE ZOO

And the Australian Brush
Turkeys at Whipsnade

LEAF MOUNDS FOR NESTS

By Our Zoo Correspondent

One of the Zoo's latest acquisitions is a three-months-old baby wart-hog called Pauline, who is easily the tiniest example of these African wild swine ever seen in the Gardens.

She is only about 14 inches high and correspondingly small in other respects; while the tusks which characterise her family have not yet begun to make their appearance in her jaws. Owing to her size and youth Pauline's great ugliness helps to make her attractive.

She has been placed on view in a cage in the Ostrich House, because this seemed to be the most comfortable place for her, and she trots round and round her home grunting pathetically and will try to charge anyone who approaches her.

Two Fine Wart-Hogs

The Zoo already has two fine wart-hogs, a male and a young female. The male, Billy, is a magnificent hog, for, unlike many captive wart-hogs, he has not injured his tusks and has, therefore, a perfect set of these long, curved weapons. He is, however, a good-tempered animal, and this is probably the chief reason why he has managed to preserve his tusks.

For the first time the Insect House has managed to breed some Indian moon moths, remarkably beautiful insects with pale moon-like colouring. In June two or three of the moths laid eggs. Now about 50 larvae have been hatched, and the giant green caterpillars, quite three inches long and displeasingly bloated in body, are feeding well and preparing to weave themselves into pupae.

News from Whipsnade is that the brush turkeys, or mound-builders, have hatched a family of chicks. These Australian birds have a peculiar method of incubating their eggs, for the cock builds a mound of dead leaves and grass and the hen lays her eggs inside it.

A Strange Nursery

As soon as she has laid, she is driven away by the cock, who proceeds to sweep more and more leaves on to the mound, so that the heat generated by the decaying vegetation incubates the eggs.

Day after day the ardent father bird stays by the mound, on cool days adding more leaves, and on warmer ones taking a layer off; and anyone who has seen him hard at work for weeks and weeks, keeping the temperature of the nursery at the right level, will be glad to hear that his efforts to produce a family have been successful.

When hatched the chicks are fully-fledged and quite capable of feeding and looking after themselves.

PEOPLE ARE GROWING MORE HONEST

"Surely this old world is growing better!" writes a Derbyshire correspondent.

A short time ago he was wandering through the rock gardens in the Happy Valley at Llandudno with thousands of other holidaymakers. On one of the garden seats was a pile of guide books. An open box was beside them containing a quantity of money. But the usual attendant was not there. Instead there was a notice stating that the books were 3d each. People wishing to buy one were asked to put the money in the box. If a person had no smaller change than half a crown he was asked to put it in and take out his 2s 3d change.

"This seemed to me," writes our correspondent, "a beautiful gesture of trustfulness on the part of the officials of the Happy Valley Gardens."



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if they drink
'Ovaltine'

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Children need more nourishment than ordinary foods supply to make good the strength and energy they spend so prodigally. That extra nourishment is provided by "Ovaltine" in a highly concentrated, correctly balanced and easily digested form.

"Ovaltine" is prepared from the finest qualities of malt extract, creamy milk and new-laid eggs. Unlike imitations, it does not contain household sugar or any other cheap ingredient to give it bulk and to cheapen the cost, nor does it contain a large percentage of cocoa. Reject substitutes.

**For their Health's sake
give them**

'OVALTINE'
TONIC FOOD BEVERAGE

Hot or Cold

Prices in Gt. Britain and N. Ireland
1/1, 1/10 and 3/3 per tin.

A NOBODY MADE SOMEBODY

FAME'S STRANGE TRICKS

How William Metcalfe Blew John Peel's Horn

THE MAN WHO SHOULD BE REMEMBERED

One man does the work and another man takes the glory.

It is common enough, alas! but John Peel has nearly succeeded in capturing two men's glory in the same dashing manner as he set his hounds to work.

He did nothing that scores of men have not done, yet his name is famous and theirs are forgotten, all because one man wrote a song about him and another man put it to music.

We were talking a few weeks ago of the proposed memorial at Caldbeck to John Woodcock Graves, who wrote the original ballad of John Peel; and now we are glad to see from a letter in a Carlisle newspaper that the man who made the tune is coming in for a little recognition.

Known All Over the World

For he it is who most deserves the glory. The echo of John Peel's horn would have died out long ago had not William Metcalfe set it to music in a tune that is known all over the world, which makes the shyest man burst into public song, or the oldest couple career in mad polka round the ballroom.

But for this tune the world would never have heard of John Peel, a nobody made somebody by a song.

That the tune was Metcalfe's original work is vouched for by no less an authority than Dr C. W. Graham, President of the Carlisle Choral Society, who knew Metcalfe forty years ago.

John Peel and his ballad-maker John Graves both owe their immortality in the world of men to William Metcalfe, so that those who are considering erecting this memorial to the two Johns near their old home at Caldbeck in Cumberland would surely do well to add William's name to it.

THE WONDER BOY AND HIS BOOK

A Book of Happy Memories has just been presented to the Rev Hodson Smith, of Harpenden, who was Principal for 21 years of the National Children's Home, the great Methodist orphanage, and has now retired. The book, which has the signatures and remarks of many famous people, was presented to him by Lord Wakefield, but the most interesting thing about it is that one of the boys in the home was the illuminator of it, a boy without hands.

We are not told how he accomplished this work, possibly with his feet, for we have heard of a painter who painted beautiful pictures in this way; but it is another of those cases of triumph over what seems an impossible obstacle.

SIX MOUNTAINS IN SEVEN HOURS

A C.N. reader from Inverness, aged 13, has stood on the top of six mountains over 3000 feet in seven hours.

This does not mean that she went up and down 18,000 feet in seven hours. Her boast is a proud one, but not impossible, for the mountains were all in a row in the Cairngorm ridge of the Grampians, and the height had only to be climbed once.

Her father took a photo of her on Glos Maol (the highest of the six); she took her father on Cairn na Gladra; and then on Tolmount she raced a herd of deer and caught 18 of them in her camera.

Six mountains and 18 deer in one day make a record bag for a 13-year-old!

GARDENS IN THE SLUMS

What Four Small Plots Have Produced

Eight gardens, bright with a profusion of marigolds, poppies, larkspur, and other summer flowers, have appeared almost miraculously this summer in some of the dreariest slums in London.

These little oases in a desert of bricks and mortar are bringing undreamed-of happiness into the lives of many poor children who, before the gardens were made, had scarcely known the pleasure of picking a flower. Last year there was enough land to make garden plots for about a thousand boys and girls; but more than treble this number enjoyed the gardens, for younger children were allowed to help their brothers and sisters.

Difficulties Overcome

Some of the gardens have been made on rubbish heaps or waste land once covered with broken crockery, tin cans, and bricks. Most of them have only a shallow layer of very porous soil which is excessively drained and sometimes under-run by tree roots. But, thanks to the London Children's Gardens Fund, which supplies seeds, manure, tools, and so on free of charge, a host of difficulties have been overcome. Visitors to the gardens are amazed that so many beautiful things can flourish on this derelict ground.

The children are taught how to grow flowers and vegetables, and the produce from each plot becomes the property of the child who grows it. The work is a valuable part of their education.

Once an inspection was made of the eight gardens at a time when every grown-up gardener was complaining of the difficulty of coping with weeds caused by the rain, but not a weed was to be seen in any of the children's plots. An immense pride is taken in keeping each rival square of ground tidy.

Vegetables and Flowers

There are gardens in unlikely places at Euston, St Pancras, Islington, Southwark, West Ham, Canning Town, and Stepney. Last year in four of the eight gardens over 42,000 carrots, 25,000 radishes, 19,000 onions, 11,000 turnip-tops, 6000 beet, 1200 pounds of spinach, about a thousand lettuces, and many other nourishing vegetables were grown, besides a wonderful variety of flowers. The gardens were improved by fresh soil, which was carted and distributed during the winter by unemployed men.

There is one piece of sad news in last year's report. Three of the smaller gardens can no longer be helped by the Fund, which has been forced to make economies. Two of these are at Bethnal Green; but thanks to some C.N. readers who saw our recent appeal help has arrived in time to preserve them.

The Secretary of the London Children's Gardens Guild will gratefully acknowledge contributions sent to 1 Pembroke Gardens, London, W.8.

WHAT A WHIRLWIND WILL DO

The other day a whirlwind caused a waterspout on the shore of the Lake of Varese in Northern Italy, and there was a real rain of fish.

Even in England a much smaller whirlwind has been seen to pass over a hayfield, pick up half a cartload of hay, carry it across two fields, and deposit it in a third.

It is just as easy for a whirlwind to make it rain fish as to carry a load of hay.

THE ELEPHANT'S CAKE

What kind of birthday cake should an elephant have?

An elephantine cake, of course. So when Julia, the youngest elephant in Bertram Mills' Circus, came of age at Torquay the other week she had a cake weighing 180 pounds.

It sounds like a part of Gulliver's Travels. We hope it did not give Julia indigestion.

A BUSY MAN REMEMBERS

Bible For His Old Chapel in Anglesey

A small Welsh boy of eleven, knowing no English, sailed from Liverpool to the United States with his widowed mother nearly half a century ago.

On July 9, this same boy, now Dr Thomas Jesse Jones, the Educational Director of the Phelps Stokes Fund, New York, and America's greatest authority on Negro Education, preached in the little Baptist Chapel at Llanfachreth, in the Isle of Anglesey, which he had attended with his parents as a boy, and at the end of the service presented to the chapel a beautiful pulpit Bible in memory of his father and mother.

He had come back to his native village as a distinguished man, and one who is giving of his talents not only for Negro education in America but in Africa too. He has twice acted as Chairman of Educational Commissions to Africa in which the British and American Governments as well as missions have cooperated; so valuable was his work that the Colonial Office gave a dinner in his honour at Stafford House.

He has just been asked by the United States Government to go out to the little Negro State of Liberia in West Africa to investigate for the Liberian Government its educational system.

But before he went Dr Jesse Jones made time to visit his old village, which is so proud of him, to present the Bible to its chapel.

WHERE KEATS LIVED

The little byways of England and the surprises we find in them are to be numbered among the most fascinating things about our country.

As we walked through a side street by the Quay in Teignmouth (a quay built in 1831 for shipping Dartmoor granite to rebuild London Bridge) we passed a small cream-washed house with rounded window-panes.

This little old house had the unexpected name of Keats House over the porch, and a plaque on the wall told us that here Keats lived for a time.

With a good deal of hesitation we knocked on the door, but were cheered to find a welcome for a stranger. The kind owner took us up to a room in which Keats may have sat to write his poems about the Teign, for he stayed here in 1818 with his brother. Opposite the window across the street is a tiny alley which frames a peep-show of Teign's tidal river as it washes against the Quay.

Now the place is a clean and sweet old house with a back garden ablaze with canterbury bells and sweet williams, hidden away; but we can almost hear the romantic whispers of the Past hovering about its walls.

WHY AM I GIDDY WHEN LOOKING FROM A HEIGHT?

From The Children's Encyclopedia

There are two explanations of this. One is the general explanation that the fear of falling disturbs the working of the brain. Now, our sense of being balanced, and our feeling that we are able to balance ourselves, depend on the proper working of the brain; and so the fear of falling may make us giddy, just as giddiness may be caused at times by other kinds of fear.

But people who are not in the least afraid, or who do not at all expect to be afraid, may turn giddy when they look down from a height, and there is a very interesting explanation of this.

Part of our power of balancing ourselves depends on vision. We know how we are apt to bump against a companion when walking at night, for instance. And even though we can balance ourselves without the aid of sight we are apt to feel giddy if our eyes play us tricks, as they do sometimes at a height.

A BOOK FOR CAMP AND SCHOOL

Stories of Girl Guide Law

THE MAN WHO BURNED HIS RICE

Stories on the Girl Guide Laws. By Lady Lennard. Robert Scott. 2s 6d.

The Guide Law and the Scout Law would save the world if the world would try them. In this book Lady Lennard shows us how the Guide Law works and helps Guiders in teaching it.

It is a capital little volume for camp and school, filled with stories and ideas for all whose business is the making and shaping of character. Guide officers will find its anecdotes and quotations of immense help in preparing talks to their Companies.

The Botanist and the Flower

There is a quotation from a book by Sir Francis Younghusband which we should like to bring to the notice of every vandal:

I once saw a botanist most tenderly replace a plant he had inadvertently uprooted, though we were on a bleak hillside in Tibet where no human being was likely to see the flower again.

One of the best stories is from a tale told by Lafcadio Hearn of Hamaguchi Gohci, the headman of a Japanese village who lived in a thatched farmhouse on a hill above the sea.

One sultry day while he stood watching a merry-making the ground was shaken by an earthquake. He had felt hundreds of shocks before, but there was something strange about this one. He turned his eyes to the sea and saw to his horror that the water had darkened and was running from the land. How could he warn the people below?

How Hundreds of Lives Were Saved

"Tada, quick," he called to his grandson; "light me a torch." Then, hurrying to the fields, where stood hundreds of rice stacks, he set fire to one after another. They represented almost all his wealth, but there were four hundred lives in peril below him. The acolyte in the hill temple, seeing the blaze, set the big bell booming.

Thankfully Hamaguchi watched the people hurrying in from the sands and up from the beach like a swarm of ants. The Sun was going down, and still the sea was moving out toward the horizon. The people began to arrive, first the young men and boys, then the older folk, the mothers with babies on their backs, and the children. All believed they had been summoned to help to put out the flames, but their headman stopped them. "Let it burn, lads," he commanded. "Let it be, there is great danger."

"Grandfather is mad," sobbed Tada; "he set fire to the rice on purpose."

Hamaguchi pointed to the sea. "Look!" he cried.

The Incoming Sea

The people turned and saw a long dim line on the dusky horizon thicken and broaden as the returning sea, towering like a cliff, came swiftly toward them. The huge wall of water smote the shore with a weight that sent a shudder through the hills, the storm of spray rushed up the slope like a cloud, and the people scattered back in panic. When they looked again a white sea was raging over the place where their homes had stood; twice, thrice, five times the sea struck and ebbed, but each time with lessening force; then it sank back to its ordinary level, but still raging as if after a typhoon.

On the plateau the people stared speechless at the desolation beneath, and the voice of Hamaguchi was heard crying out: "That is why I set fire to the rice."

He stood before them poor as they; but he had saved four hundred lives.

A FIVE-MILE TUNNEL IN THE LAKE DISTRICT

Progress at 234 Feet
a Week

DRAMATIC MEETING 2000 FEET BELOW THE PEAKS

Climbers ascending a mountain from opposite sides often arrange to meet on some far peak, and it is a thrilling moment when they meet, especially if the going has been arduous.

Much more thrilling must have been the meeting the other day of the two parties of engineers who for the past three years had been burrowing a tunnel 2000 feet below the mountains of the Lake District.

Our readers will remember the story of the village of Marsdale, doomed to be covered with water so that the people of Manchester should have a plentiful water supply, which was to be obtained from an enlargement of Lake Haweswater.

A Record To Be Proud Of

Two years ago work on the scheme was slowed down, for grave doubts had arisen as to whether Manchester would continue to grow in area and population. However, it was decided to carry on with the great water tunnel, and now it has been bored from end to end, three years after it was begun.

This tunnel is nine feet high and nine feet wide, and so exact were the calculations of the engineers that when the workmen pierced the last section of rock which separated the parties working from each end it was found that there was no perceptible break in the sides and roof of the tunnel.

Engineers are used to this accuracy, and expected it; but they established a record of which they can be proud, for the rate of progress reached the high figure of 234 feet a week, the best as yet for all Europe.

NEW USES FOR JEWELS

It is frequently said of a watch that it is jewelled in so many holes.

This means that the bearings for the tiny cog-wheels are actually jewels bored with a hole of the right size, instead of being merely metal bearings. Jewelled bearings wear for a very long time, and this is one of the reasons why a well-jewelled watch will last for a lifetime if taken care of.

But thousands of instruments besides watches have jewelled bearings, especially electricity meters; and recent discoveries show that man-made jewels, such as synthetic corundum, answer the purpose better than natural jewels such as rubies and sapphires. The man-made stone is less hard than the natural one, but it is much more uniform in its composition and build, so that it can be made in great quantities of exactly the quality that the precision engineer requires for his work.

The natural sapphire holds its own in the case of making gramophone records and for the shaving knives used in making the waxed plates for the original records.

A LONG QUEUE OF WOULD-BE HUSBANDS

The Japanese girl has added to her many accomplishments, and an increase in the marriage rate is expected.

Last year a school for prospective brides was opened in Tokyo, and, in spite of much ridicule from their men-folk, girls flocked to its classrooms and kitchens to learn cooking and needle-work. The men soon told a different tale when they married some of these students, and other centres were demanded and are being opened.

The centre at Tokyo has arranged for a marriage bureau for its students, and it is said that there is a long queue of prospective husbands on its doorstep.

A NOISE SCALE What Is a Decibel?

A few months ago the C.N. called attention to a motor-car which was travelling through the streets of London recording through a microphone and an ingenious machine the varying degrees of noise encountered on its way.

Our excellent Department of Scientific and Industrial Research has now issued a valuable bulletin on this subject. It is a very important work, for in too many places modern noises are making work difficult or bad.

The human ear is so efficient that it functions over a scale of intensity ranging from one to a million millions! The response of the ear to intensity is roughly proportional to a logarithm of that intensity. If the sounds are of intensity 10, 100, and 1000 the hearing is in the proportions 1, 2, and 3. So the decibel scale expresses this fact by 10, 20, and 30 decibels.

The Department forms a "sensation scale" of common noises and typical localities in decibels. For example:

DECIBELS

- 0 Threshold of audibility
- 20 Whisper, at four feet
- 50 Fairly quiet city office, or average quiet London street
- 80 Typing room, or motor-horn at 20 feet
- 90 Tube train, or pneumatic drill at 20 feet
- 100 Printing-press room, or express train at 12 feet.

The department's bulletin (published at 9d by the Stationery Office) should be studied by all architects and builders, for it contains many hints as to methods of avoiding sound transmission.

We hope it may bring the desired quiet life a little nearer.

CARRYING ON A GARDEN

Mr John and Miss Lydia Morris had made a corner of the Earth so beautiful that they could not bear the idea of it being one day laid waste or perhaps made into building plots and covered with shabby bungalows.

For 40 years they had collected rare trees, plants, and shrubs from all parts of the world. There were thickets of flowering trees, avenues of oaks, as well as a swan pool with a little Greek temple at its edge which they had built.

So they bequeathed their old home and its grounds to the University of Pennsylvania to be used as an arboretum and botanical gardens, and it was dedicated a few weeks ago. They also left an endowment for its upkeep, so that the beauty of their garden will not only be preserved but will increase.

700 SONGS

It is thirty years ago since Mrs Adelaide Alicia Needham put to music Harold Begbie's words The Seventh English Edward, and won £100 for the best song in honour of King Edward's coronation.

That was only one of the 700 songs and marches and hymns this Irish lady has written. The soldiers sang her songs when she herself was on active service with the Red Cross; while at home their babies were being soothed to sleep with her lullabies (Husheen was one of them).

It is time that something was done in recognition of her work, and it is hoped to present her with a worthy testimonial. Lady Snowden, Sir Hamilton Harty, Mr Stephen Gwynn, and Sergeant Sullivan, K.C., are among the names of those who have made this suggestion, and Dr J. S. Crone, of the Irish Literary Society, 39 Grosvenor Place, London, S.W.1, is collecting subscriptions. We feel that many C.N. readers who have enjoyed Mrs Needham's songs in the C.N. and its companion papers, as well as in a thousand other places, would like to join in this testimonial.

A cat has walked 200 miles, from Cheshire to its old home in Dorset.

THOUSANDS of BOYS & GIRLS are COMING ALONG—

helter-skelter to swell the crowds of happy youngsters who are Junior Members and the famous folk who are Senior Members of the Daily Sketch League of Youth.

What is the League of Youth?

It's a fellowship of intelligent people of all ages, formed by Daily Sketch to promote good citizenship—and it's no end of fun.

Let's take the fun first.

LEAGUE PRIVILEGES

Directly you enrol and receive your beautiful scarlet and oxydised silver badge and membership book you are eligible for entry as a junior member to ever so many jolly places free of charge. A hundred of them are listed in the handy diary-dictionary-encyclopaedia that you receive free and that you can slip into your pocket (and what a lot of useful information it gives you) immediately you are enrolled. And Daily Sketch is preparing, also free, for Junior Members a number of delightful surprise privileges.

Among the free entry places of entertainment mentioned in the book (which tells you all about the League as well), are: Zoos, Pleasure Gardens, Seaside Piers, Matinées, Pleasure Palaces, Circuses, Talkies, and a lot more. That's the fun.

LEAGUE PRINCIPLES

But that isn't all, nor indeed is it the principal thing. The chief thing to remember is that in arranging all these pleasures, all these benefits for you as a member of the League of Youth, Daily Sketch does it with the purpose of helping you to help others—to help those less happy than you are. And if you follow the motto of the League, "**Res Non Verba**" (Deeds not Words) you will be doing that. And you'll enjoy it all. It's not so difficult once you have conquered the way of it. And you can easily learn the way in that splendid membership book given to every member on joining. And also how to fit yourself to earn a League of Youth Golden Medal of Honour such as Amy Johnson and Jim Mollison and Sir Malcolm Campbell and other League members have won.

Read about it every day in the Daily Sketch (Children's Page), but so as not to miss any of the fun first fill in the coupon and become a Junior Member.

Join the League to-day and you can immediately enjoy all these marvellous privileges. So enrol by sending 1/- P.O. at once to DAILY SKETCH so that you do not miss any of the fun. (After the cost of the Badge and Membership Book has been deducted the rest of your shilling is put in the Good Deeds Fund for the provision of wireless sets in Children's Hospitals; some 25 of such hospitals have already been equipped by League Members. Fine work!)

Membership No.		Senior or Junior
DAILY SKETCH		LEAGUE OF YOUTH
Many FREE		PRIVILEGES
<p>JOIN TO-DAY.—Fill in this membership application form clearly in block letters. Send it with 1/- Postal Order—enclosing a 1d. stamped addressed envelope (fairly large)—to League of Youth, Daily Sketch, 196, Gray's Inn Road, London, W.C.1, for your Badge, Membership Book and Diary (this has 132 pages) and towards our "Good Deeds Fund." All boys and girls up to 15 eligible for Junior Section—over 15 and up to any age for Senior Section. Members enjoy many delightful privileges in London and throughout the country.</p>		
Name.....		
Address.....		
Date of Joining.....1933.	Birth.....day.....	
My P.O. No. is.....		
Make your P.O. payable to "Daily Sketch League of Youth," and cross it "& Co."		

Get all your friends to come in with you too—it's great!

THE FLYING BANDIT

Serial Story by
T. C. Bridges

CHAPTER 39

The Other Dog

The two boys looked at one another and Tim's grey eyes were full of dismay. But Jock's were merely thoughtful.

"Two miles to Glynt, you say. Then Jasper will have to collect his forces and they'll have to walk back here. We've a good hour, Tim, probably a bit more."

"What good is that going to do us?" Tim asked bitterly. "We're both of us done to the world. Even if we start back for Garve those beggars are bound to catch us before we get half-way."

Jock nodded. "Yes, they'd do that. Besides, in any case Garve is the last place to make for."

"Why?"

"Because it's the first Jasper will think of. Naturally he'd expect us to go home."

"I hadn't thought of that," said Tim, looking rather crestfallen; "but of course you're right."

"We might stay here," said Jock. "We could hold back an army with these rocks."

"Y-yes," agreed Tim, "but what about water? We can't last long without water in this heat, and it isn't as if they'd give up very easily. We might be besieged here for days."

"I'll have a look," said Jock. "This is an old fort. You can see that by the breast-work of stones. And the people who held it originally must have had water."

He started to search. At one spot under the cliff face at the back the ground seemed a little moist. He tried to dig, using the blade of his clasp-knife, and almost at once struck something hard. He pulled it out of its earthy bed and found it was a metal cup, a porringer, of quaint shape. It was black as coal, and so heavy it seemed to be made of lead or pewter. But there was no water. He came back to Tim, who still lay flat on his back on the grass. He showed him the pot.

"It proves what I said, that someone held this place in the old days. But if there ever was a spring there it has dried up."

"Then we can't stay here. That's flat," declared Tim. "See here, Jock. I'm getting a bit rested. I'm good for a mile or two. Is there any other place where we could possibly hide and dodge Jasper?"

"There's Glynt," said Jock.

Tim's eyes widened.

"Have you gone quite loony?" he asked sarcastically.

"Not that I know of," replied Jock, with a ghost of a grin. "After all, Glynt is the very last place that Jasper would expect us to make for. But of course I shouldn't go into the village itself. There seems to be a hill up above and a bit of a coppice on the side of it. That might be quite a good place to hide. My notion is that if we could get that far we might lie up until it gets dusk and then make away across the hills to your place."

Tim nodded. "It's not half a bad idea. Yes, if we could get there it might work. That little coppice is called Wiseman's Wood. The oaks are supposed to be about a thousand years old, and there's a regular tangle of undergrowth beneath. I don't believe anyone could find us once we were in it."

"Then that's settled," said Jock cheerfully. "Feel up to starting, Tim?"

"I'm game," declared Tim as he got stiffly to his feet.

"Sure you can manage it, Tim?"

Jock's voice was anxious, but Tim smiled.

"Rather! The rest has done me heaps of good."

Jock looked at the odd little leaden pot.

"Wish I could take this," he said. "It looks frightfully odd. But it's too heavy," he added regretfully.

"Hide it," said Tim. "We'll come back for it some time."

Jock hid it between two stones and they started. Prowler followed. The big dog, like the boys, was not as fresh as he had been. They went out on the far side of the hill and walked some way to the right so as to get over the crest of the next ridge. Whatever happened, they knew they must not risk Jasper's seeing them.

Once over the crest they were able to take it more easily, and they were glad of that, for it was a hot day. After going about a mile they were lucky enough to find a spring of ice-cold water, and all, including Prowler, had a good drink. Then they went on, making a wide half-circle, and at last gained a place where there was a patch of gorse on the crest of the ridge. Creeping through this, they were able to look across the valley at Glynt.

Glynt must once have been quite a neat village, for the houses were solidly built of stone with slate roofs. But now they were ruinous. Smoke came from two or three chimneys, but barring three ragged children playing by a door there was not a person visible.

"Can you see Jasper?" Jock asked.

Tim shook his head.

"He and his men are probably down in the valley. It's the easiest way."

"We have to cross the valley."

Tim sighed. "It means going up beyond the next bend. It's going to be hard work, Jock."

"Never mind. We'll be safe as houses when we get into the wood up there. Then we can have a real good rest."

To reach what Tim called Wiseman's Wood they had to go beyond Glynt above the next curve in the river valley, then cross the deep ravine, wading the stream again. The cool water refreshed them, but the climb on the far side was stiff, and Tim was getting very shaky before they reached the top.

He looked so white that Jock was scared. At last they got to the top and stopped. Tim dropped in a heap on the grass, but Jock went on a little way to a point of high ground from which he could see all the way down the gorge. For a few moments he stood there watching, then came back to Tim.

"See them?" Tim asked. His voice was very weak and hoarse.

"I saw them," Jock answered.

"How many?"

"Jasper had three men with him," Jock said briefly.

Tim looked at him.

"What's up?" he demanded.

Jock looked uncomfortable and did not answer. Tim spoke again.

"Jock, there's something wrong. Do you mean they've spotted us?"

"No," Jock answered quickly. "They haven't seen us. They were going straight away down the gorge."

Tim still kept his eyes on Jock's face.

"It's no use trying to humbug me, Jock," he said. "What is it?"

Jock bit his lip.

"They've got a dog," he said.

JACKO IN DISGUISE

JACKO's friend Clarence had been taking part in some private theatricals. He had been a policeman and everybody had said how good he was.

"Lend me your costume," Jacko said to Clarence next morning. "I want to have a lark with it."

That afternoon some trippers to Monkeyville were having a picnic in a

A look of dismay crossed Tim's white face.

"A lurcher."

"That's torn it," muttered Tim. "The brute will scent us as easily as Prowler."

"I was a fool," said Jock sharply. "I ought to have thought of it. Then we could have waded up the river and put the beast off the scent."

Tim shook his head.

"It wouldn't have been a bit of good. Once they know we haven't gone home, they're bound to find us."

CHAPTER 40

In Wiseman's Wood

"How do you feel, Tim?" Jock asked presently.

"Bad," was the disgusted reply. "I don't believe I could go another mile to save my life." He paused. "See here, Jock, I can get as far as the wood. I'll hide there. You take the emeralds and clear. When Jasper and Co find me I'll humbug them. With luck, you'll still be able to save the stones."

"And what do you think they'd do to you?" asked Jock. His voice was gruff, but there was a queer little shine in his eyes.

"They won't hurt me."

"Oh, wouldn't they! Old son, you don't know the gentle Jasper. But, anyhow, you can put the notion out of your silly head. We sink or swim together."

"Then we shall lose the emeralds," Tim prophesied.

"Perhaps we shall, perhaps we shan't. It looks to me as if there were a good many places in that wood of yours where we might hide them."

"You're forgetting the dog," Tim reminded him.

"So I am," said Jock.

He tried to laugh, but it was not a very good attempt, and it did not deceive Tim.

The fact was that Jock was pretty near the end of his tether. If he wasn't as tired as Tim he was so fagged that every bone in his body ached; and the worst of it was that his brain had begun to feel stupid.

Rack it as he might, he could not see any way out. With the help of the lurcher Jasper was bound to run them down and neither he nor Tim were fit either to fight or run away.

He looked all round, wondering if there were any possible place where they could hide, but there was none that the dog

would not find. Nor was there any chance of help, for up here in the hills they were far from any place where help might be found. There was not a policeman or a telephone within ten miles.

"We'd better have stayed where we were," Tim said at last. "We could have put up a fight with those stones."

"Yes, until dark," Jock said, "but once night came we were done. They'd have come in on all sides of us." He drew a long breath. "We've done all we could, Tim." He picked himself up. "Let's get into the wood," he said. "If we climb up a tree we might puzzle the dog."

Tim's tired face brightened a little.

"That's a notion." Then he gave a gasp. "But what about Prowler? He can't climb."

"I wonder if he'd go home if we told him."

"We'll try," said Tim. "You tell him; he knows you better than he does me."

Jock stood up and pointed to the East.

"Home, Prowler!" he ordered sharply.

The big dog looked at him as if doubtful.

Jock repeated the order and Prowler went straight off.

"I say, that's luck!" declared Tim as he watched the dog going away down the hill. "Now we'd better go to the wood."

He got up, but was so shaky it was all he could do to put one foot in front of the other, yet with Jock's help he reached the wood. It was a weird sort of place. None of the trees was much more than twenty feet high, but the trunks were as thick as a man's body, and their gnarled and twisted branches formed a regular mat overhead. They were covered with long grey moss.

The ground below was a mass of boulders among which bracken grew thickly. Jock looked round.

"If it wasn't for that dog they wouldn't find us in a month of Sundays," he declared.

"See here, Tim, we'll park ourselves near the edge and then we can see them a good mile away. When they do come it'll be time enough to climb a tree."

"And if I wasn't such a crock we could have got clean away," groaned Tim.

"We couldn't," said Jock. "I should pass out before I got another two miles."

Tim dropped thankfully on a rock and they waited. It was pleasantly cool up here, for a little breeze was blowing and they were in the shade. All around the wood, which only covered a couple of acres, open moor stretched away. Glynt was a couple of hundred feet below them, hidden by the curve of the hill. It seemed but a short time before a dot came into sight round the shoulder of the opposite hill. It was a dog. Another moment, and four men showed up.

"There they are," said Jock quietly.

"They're trailing us all right."

"Then we'd better get up a tree," said Tim.

"No hurry. We've a good quarter of an hour still."

"Can't we do anything?" groaned Tim.

"I can't think of anything, Tim. But don't worry. Even if they get the emeralds we shall get them back again."

"I don't see how."

"No more do I. But I didn't see before, and we did it."

"It isn't as if they'd let us go," said Tim.

"I don't think they'll keep us long. They'll know that Finch will start a search."

"It's sickening: just when we thought we had finished the job," said Tim.

Jock patted him on the shoulder.

"Cheer up, Tim. Things happen."

"I don't see what can happen now," said Tim gloomily. "I say, they're crossing the gorge! We'd better get up a tree."

Jock nodded. With his foresight he had already picked a tree. He helped Tim up and followed him. They climbed right into the top, where they were quite hidden by the thick foliage, but they could still see what was happening below.

Jasper and his gang were lost to sight for a little in the bottom of the gorge. It was ten minutes or more before they came up over the rim of the deep gully. Now they were less than a quarter of a mile away, and the dog followed exactly on the boys' tracks.

"Not a hope," groaned Tim. "They're bound to find us."

Jasper evidently thought the same, for they saw him pointing toward the wood. The air was so clear they could even see the look of triumph on his hard face.

"We might just as well get down and give ourselves up," said Tim.

"Don't be silly," retorted Jock. "Always hang on as long as you can. You never know what may happen." As he spoke he stiffened. "Something is happening. They've stopped. Watch them. They're looking up at the sky."

TO BE CONTINUED



Jacko didn't wait to hear any more

field near Jacko's house. The children were playing Touch Last while the grown-ups got the tea ready when a policeman appeared at the gate.

Whatever could he want?

"Now then, move on!" said the officer. "No playing in this field."

"But, please, sir, we thought it was public..." one of them began.

"No good arguing. Move off, the lot of you; and hurry up about it," he added severely.

So the children got their hats and coats; and the grown-ups began packing up the tea-things.

"Nasty, horrid policeman," murmured one of the children.

Monkeyville before. This isn't your beat. Where do you come from? ... If my eyes don't deceive me, you are young Jacko!"

Of course it was! Jacko didn't wait to hear any more. He was off, his helmet flying to the ground as he went, while the children jeered and roared at him.

The real policeman was after him; but Jacko went too swiftly for him. He bolted into Clarence's house, where he changed his clothes; and presently out he came, and strolled down the road as though nothing had happened.

But it cost him three-months pocket money to pay for the helmet, which he never found again!

**"Good! It's Mason's!
and Teetotal Too!"**



Kindly fill up and post this coupon NOW for a
TRIAL SAMPLE
OF
MASON'S
Extract of Herbs
and make ONE GALLON
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4d. enclosed for postage, etc. Address of
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Name.....

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Letters)..... C.N.

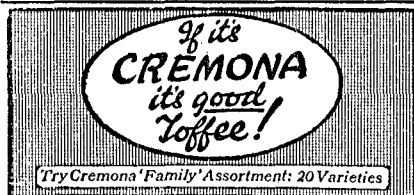
Serve
SHREDDED
WHEAT
WITH STEWED
FRUITS

16,000 East End Children

will have a long glorious day by the sea, or in the
country, this summer.

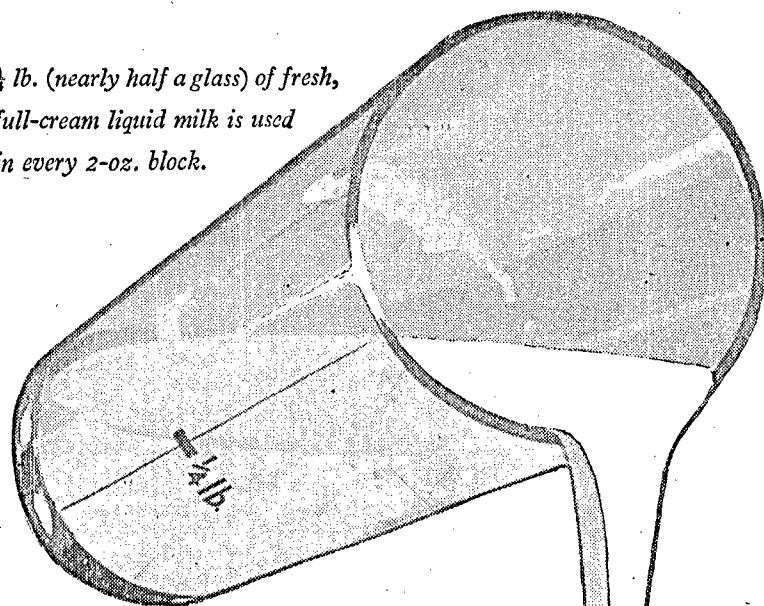
Cost 2/- each. Will you help to give
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Endless Environs? Please respond liberally to

The Rev. PERCY INESON, Supt.
EAST END MISSION,
COMMERCIAL ROAD, STEPNEY, LONDON, E.I.



PASS THE MILK, JIM!

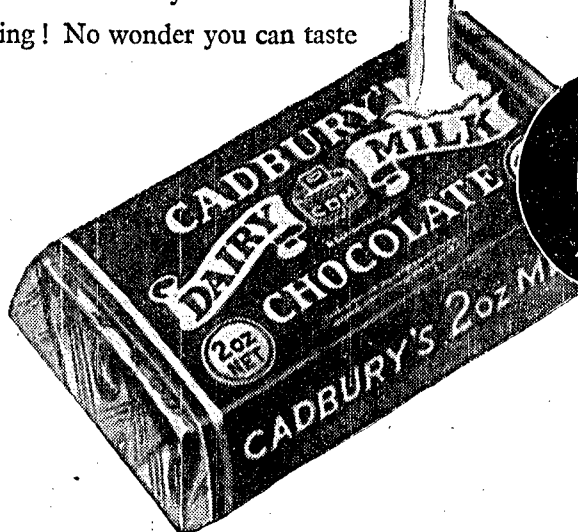
$\frac{1}{4}$ lb. (nearly half a glass) of fresh,
full-cream liquid milk is used
in every 2-oz. block.



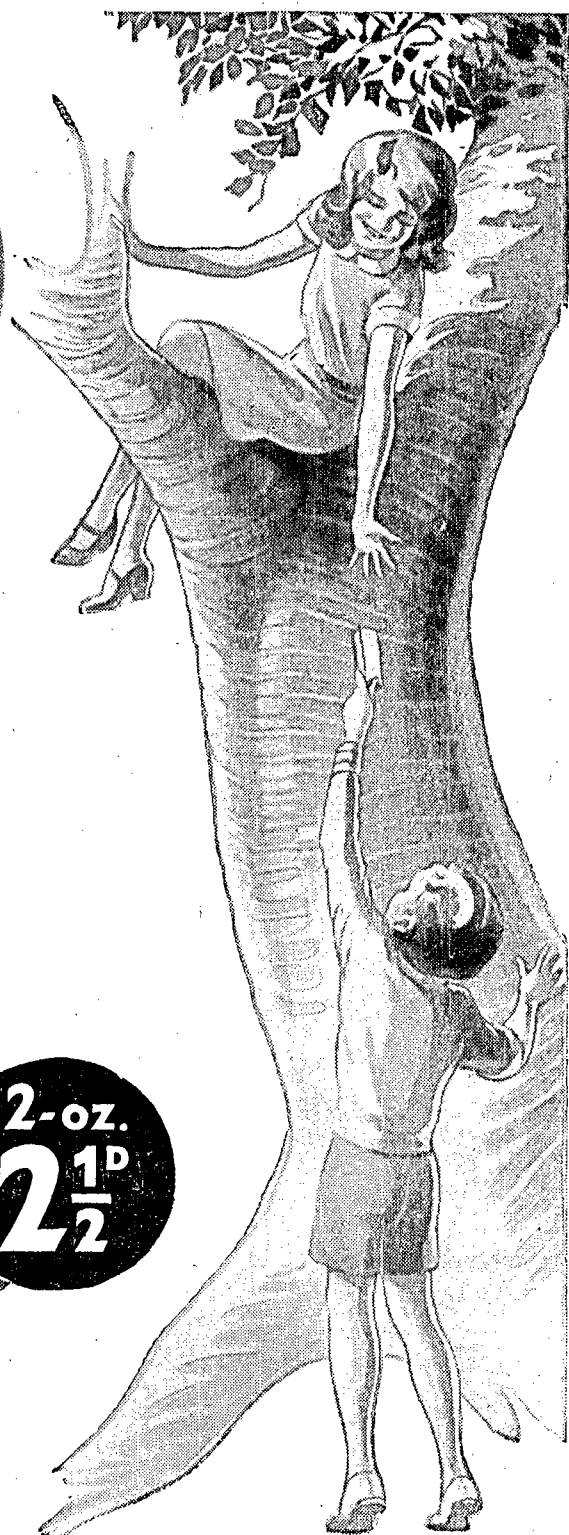
"Wait a minute . . . I've got it. Mustn't lose
any of the milk . . ." It's real, rich dairy-farm
milk you get in Cadburys Milk Chocolate.
There's $\frac{1}{4}$ lb. (nearly half a glass) of fresh, full-
cream, liquid milk in every 2-oz. block. A few
hours after milking, and the milk (with only
the water removed) is being poured into the
chocolate. No wonder Cadburys Milk Choco-
late is so sustaining! No wonder you can taste
the cream!

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Milk, 2jd. Cadburys
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2jd. Bournville Plain,
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and Nut, 2jd. Bourn-
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monds, 3d.



2-oz.
2 $\frac{1}{2}$



CADBURYS

2-oz. BLOCKS

Cadburys Milk Chocolate $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. Block
now reduced to 8 $\frac{1}{2}$ d.

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POPULAR WIRELESS

On Sale Every Wednesday 3d.

The Children's Newspaper will be delivered every week at any house in the world for 11s a year. See below.

CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

August 5, 1933

Every Thursday 2d

Arthur Mee's Monthly, My Magazine, will be delivered anywhere in the world for 14s 6d a year (Canada 14s).

THE BRAN TUB

The Missing Diners

A RESTAURANT proprietor agreed to provide a dinner for 15 people at a fixed charge of so much a head. The proprietor calculated to obtain a profit of 12½ per cent. But two of the diners failed to arrive, and the rest each paid their own fixed share as originally arranged. The proprietor thus lost 1s 8d.

What was the price of the dinner a head?

Answer next week

A Dog Stamp

MANY different subjects have been used to adorn postage stamps. Newfoundland issued a postage stamp in 1887 showing the head of the dog which has been named after that country—the Newfoundland Dog.



The Grid Bias Battery

IN most wireless sets there are three batteries, the L.T. accumulator, the H.T. battery, and the G.B. or grid bias battery. There is a popular fallacy that since the G.B. battery is not supplying current, but only voltage, its life is indefinite.

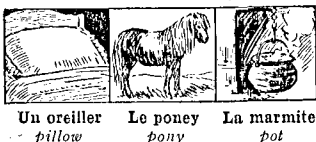
This is incorrect, for the battery would in any case run down, whether it were in use or not, owing to internal chemical action. When, therefore, the H.T. battery is replaced it is advisable to obtain a new G.B. battery.

A Knotty Catch

HAVING found a victim for this trick, get about a yard of string and tie a knot in the middle. Then tie one end of the string round his wrist, and tie the other end to his shoe lace. The problem is to unfasten the knot in the middle without undoing either end of the string.

After your victim has wriggled hopelessly show him that by taking off his shoe the thing is quite easy. He has only to pull the knot open and slip his shoe through.

Ici On Parle Français

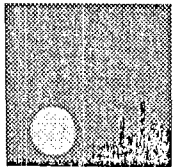


Un oreiller Le poney La marmite
pillow pony pot

Elle pose la tête sur l'oreiller.
Papa, achète-moi donc un poney.
Notre soupe cuit dans la marmite.

Other Worlds Next Week

IN the morning the planet Saturn is in the South-West. In the evening Mars, Jupiter, and Venus are in the West, and Saturn is in the South-East. The picture shows the Moon as it may be seen looking South at 10.30 p.m. on Monday, August 7.



Five Letters, Five Words

EACH missing word in the following verse is spelled with the same five letters.
Tom's wit was *****
To ***** he ne'er inclined;
Nor was the warrior's *****
More to his mind.
He ***** his fields
O'erjoyed at their increase,
Sits in his chair,
And eats his ***** in peace.

Answer next week

Obstinate Paper

PUT two books of equal thickness side by side on the table, standing them on end about two inches apart. Now put a sheet of ordinary paper across the tops. Next invite someone to blow the paper off the books by blowing from below them. To all appearance

this seems easy, but it cannot be done. The reason for this is interesting. Blowing in the space between the books lowers the air pressure under the paper. But the pressure of the atmosphere above the paper is normal, and this holds the sheet firmly down.

Next Week in the Countryside

THE songs of the coal-tit, linnet, and yellowhammer cease. The last swifts are seen flying South. The ring-dove lays a second time. The second broods of house-martins are fledged. The silver-spotted skipper butterfly appears. The hornet fly is seen. The carline thistle, purple melic grass, red goosefoot, soapwort, and orpine are in flower.

Transposition

A TERM for scheming, if transposed,
A quadruped will be disclosed;
Transpose the same again, you see
A term for sailors, bold and free;
Letters and words, of each, but three.

Answer next week

LAST WEEK'S ANSWERS

How Wide? 1½ feet

Backward and Forward. Level

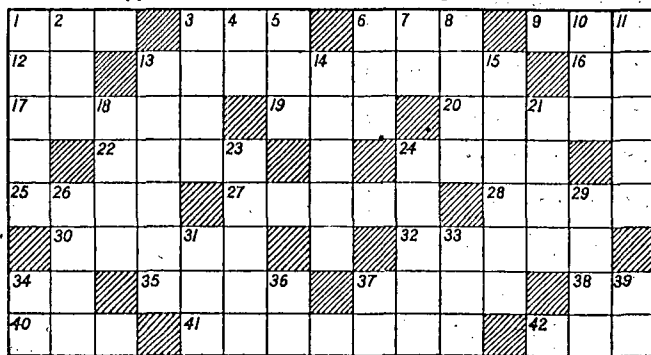
What Am I? A clock

A Picture Puzzle

P'in, cANe, roOF, cORK, sTEEl: PIANOFORTE.

The C.N. Cross Word Puzzle

THERE are 49 words or recognised abbreviations hidden in this puzzle. Abbreviations are indicated by asterisks among the clues which appear below. The answer will be given next week.



Reading Across. 1. A recess. 3. Hail. 6. Exist. 9. A knock. 12. The three-toed sloth. 13. Total. 16. Child's name for Father. 17. A vestige. 19. Unit of French square measure. 20. To move timidly. 22. A Chinese idol. 24. A South American ostrich. 25. To heed. 27. Outflow. 28. Title used in fables for a rabbit. 30. Fruit of earth-nut plant. 32. Old name for a hand-basket. 34. Verb to be, third person singular. 35. A sledge. 37. A failure. 38. Pronoun. 40. A snare. 41. Guards. 42. Devoured.

Reading Down. 1. A number of similar articles. 2. The fluid we breathe. 3. Becomes old. 4. Vicar-General.* 5. Period of time. 6. Part of life. 7. Royal Academician.* 8. To produce a design on a copper plate with the aid of acids. 10. To mimic. 11. Writing material. 13. Fruits of the oak. 14. To rub out. 15. Antarctic volcano. 18. Partly opened. 21. To gain by labour. 23. Plots set apart for building. 24. To pardon. 26. Comfort. 29. To prepare for publication. 31. Tree of tropical America yielding rubber. 33. Donkey. 34. Surrounded. 36. District of Columbia.* 37. Master.* 39. Note in tonic sol-fa scale.

Dr MERRYMAN

Bump!

JACK: I can't sleep these hot nights. What can I do about it?

BILL: Just lie on the edge of the bed, and you are sure to drop off.

In Office Hours

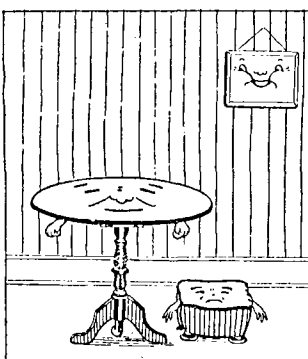
THE clerk was new to the office and he had never seen the Chief.

"What are you doing?" asked the big man one day.

"None of your business," cheekily replied the clerk.

And he wasn't, so the Chief dismissed him.

A Dismal Pair



"WHAT lives we lead," the Table groaned, "Myself and Little Stool; I'm always being put upon, it really is most cruel. As for the Stool, he feels so crushed he hardly dares to speak; The way folks sit on him, he says, makes him extremely weak." The Picture laughed, "Upon my word, you are a dismal pair! How would you like to be like me, a-hanging in the air?"

Why, Indeed?

SIX-YEAR-OLD Jack may not be good at arithmetic, but he has the making of a good business man.

"Supposing," he was asked by his teacher, "you had nine pennies and lost three. How many would you have left?"

Jack was thoughtful for a moment or two.

"But why should I lose three of them?" he asked.

The Rambler Walked

THE rambler signalled to an overtaking car that he would like a lift.

"Delighted," said the motorist when he learned what was wanted.

"The fact is, this is the first time I've driven and I'm rather nervous. I shall be glad of somebody to talk to."



When the angler gets a bite
Just imagine his delight
As he chortles.....

Sharp's the word
and
Sharp's the Toffee
I like best of all

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HOVIS at breakfast
Starts the day right
Helps to sustain you
Till last thing at night

HOVIS
TRADE MARK
EVERY DAY

The First Rule of
Health

Macclesfield

TALES BEFORE BEDTIME

"OH dear, oh dear!" Josie's mother said as they finished breakfast. "How stupid I am! I was going to write a long letter to Uncle Tom this morning and post it at the pillar-box for the eleven o'clock collection. It would just have caught the boat to New Zealand, and now I remember I haven't a single stamp left."

Josie stood looking at her thoughtfully.

"I couldn't fetch them before school, Mummie," she said at last, "but I could take the money and bring them home this afternoon."

"Yes, you had better do that," her mother answered.

"Here are three shillings; get a book of stamps. It is very tiresome."

"I couldn't possibly miss school, I suppose?"

"No, of course not. Don't be silly; it's my own fault."



"Go home!" she said

Now run along and get ready, there's nothing you can do."

As Josie went she thought, No, there isn't, I should be terribly late for school, but I do wish—

Then, all at once, there came to her the most splendid idea. She began to rush about, throwing her books into her school bag, and at last putting in it a clean envelope and a piece of string.

"Come along, Josie," her mother called, "it's quite time you went. Jock's here waiting for you."

For the mile and a quarter between her home and the village the little girl and dog trotted along together.

At the village they hurried up to the post office, and there Josie bought the stamps.

"Mrs Rose," she said, smiling, "look what I'm going to do. Mother wants these stamps this morning and I'm going to send them home by Jock. He always goes straight

JOSIE CATCHES THE POST

home, and then Mummie asks him if he's taken me to school safely. Come here, Jock."

Putting the stamps in the envelope, Josie folded it carefully and tied it to the dog's collar, and then she let him walk, as he always did, to the school gate.

Now go home, go home, go home, Jock, old boy," she said, and running into the school she peeped through a window and watched the little dog trotting quickly away up the road.

"Well?" she asked eagerly that afternoon when she ran in to her mother.

"My dear, it worked beautifully," replied her mother, smiling happily. "Jock brought the stamps and I caught the post."